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by OLIVER PHILPOT

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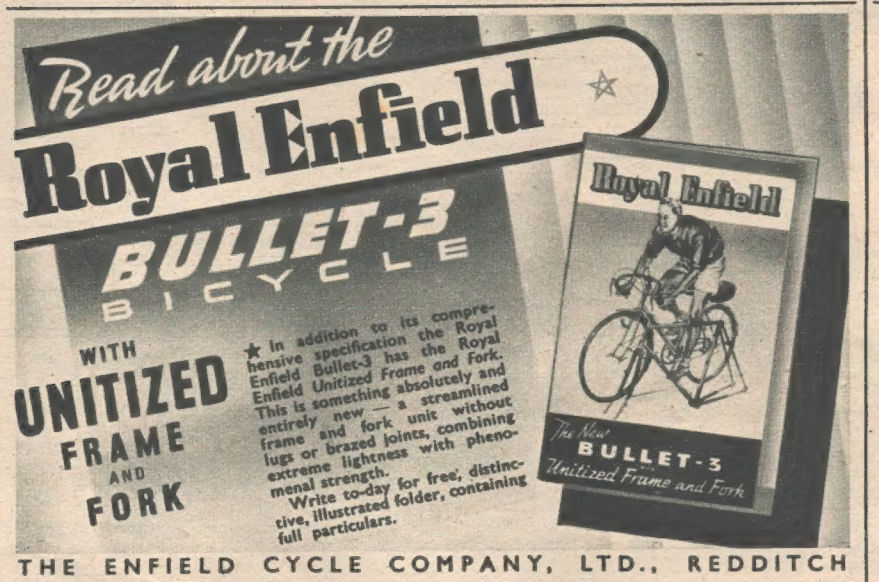
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EDITORIAL

Is this the answer to the cry for "home rule"?

IT WAS A SHOCK to most Englishmen last year when the southern Irish cast off allegiance to the Crown. It is a still bigger shock to Englishmen to realize that there are a number of Welshmen and Scots who would like to do what the Irish did. Those are, of course, the extremists—but behind them in each country is a much greater body of people who genuinely want Home Rule.

The House of Commons contains 406 English members, 71 from Scotland and 36 from Wales. So the English are always in a vast majority, besides having the advantage of their own capital as the seat of power.

From these facts springs the discontent behind the Scottish and Welsh Nationalist movements. Their supporters consider that neither country gets a square deal from the central Parliament and Government; that their special interests tend to be overlooked and neglected, and that they would do better with separate Parliaments and Governments at Edinburgh and Cardiff.

THIS is a point of view, whether you agree with it or not. It is not, as it sometimes seems to the English, just parish-pump cussedness. So it is no use protesting in exasperation because, at a time when international co-operation is being sought in every possible way, these tiresome folk in the north and west persist in trying to break up the long-settled unity of our own nation.

It is better to examine how the present system works—and find out what is wrong with it.

First the Welsh. Wales has no separate administrative machinery of her own. She is, in any case, comparatively near the seat of government, and she is herself divided into two parts—the industrial south and the hill-farming north—which have fewer economic interests in common than each has with similar areas in England.

The Welsh Nationalist movement is mainly a cultural and sentimental one. The present Government has already set up an Advisory Council for Wales. This may in time adequately express a good many Welsh aspirations.

But Scotland's Nationalist movement springs directly from her economic difficulties. She is farther away from London, divided from England by a broad belt of hills, and has an unhappy sense of deserving more understanding and attention than she gets from the men of Westminster.

True, there is a special Government Department for Scotland. The Secretary of State and his aides have the wholetime job of tending Scottish interests. And the House of Commons contains a permanent Scottish body—the Grand Committee.

Isn't this enough to make sure that Scotland gets fair play?

NO, say the Scots Nationalists. They consider that the Scottish Office is both overloaded with work and undercharged with power. It has to deal, for example, with such different subjects as agriculture and education, yet it cannot act independently with special regard to Scottish needs.

To these complaints the main answer is that in the national planned economy under which we now live, there is less need than ever before for local action on local lines.

Is unemployment growing in Clydeside shipyards? Then the national plan for the Development Areas ought to take care of it.

Are the Highlands depopulated for lack of industry? Well, the hydro-electric schemes are already helping.

Thus there is some strength in the arguments against any new measure of Home Rule. And it is fair to remind Scots that they are not the only inhabitants of Great Britain who sometimes feel neglected by the central Government. It is possible to feel just as politically forlorn in Wiltshire or Norfolk as in Caithness.

Moreover there is no guarantee that a Scottish Parliament dominated as it inevitably would be by representatives of the industrial areas would be any more helpful to the Highlanders, Islanders and East Coast fishermen than is the Parliament at Westminster.

The best plan to satisfy everybody would surely be to increase the size and powers of the Scottish Office, so that it could modify policy more effectively to meet the needs of Scotland and insist on attention to special problems north of the Border.

Such a change would reassure many of the million Scots who signed the recent Covenant promoted by the Nationalists. And those who doubt the need for it should remember that walls in Scotland still bear such slogans as "Home Rule is Our Only Hope."

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WOMEN
(Especially those who are married)

IT'S plain common sense to be cautious about new ideas, until they're proved to be *good* as well as new. But once you know that thousands and thousands of women have tried out a new idea, and found it *better in every way*, it's sheer prejudice to cling to old-fashioned methods.

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FREE SPEECH

His secret —until he married

FOR PEOPLE LIKE MYSELF, born illegitimately, the "shortened" birth certificate, introduced a few years ago, was a blessing. It omits parents' names and merely gives the essential facts of the child's name, date of birth and birthplace. But when I got married, I was surprised to see that the marriage certificate required my father's name and "rank or profession."

This completely neutralizes the effect of having a "shortened" birth certificate. Although officials of Government departments and private organizations are most tactful and helpful, it is necessary to produce a marriage certificate for a variety of reasons.

The feeling of being "out of the ordinary" is still there. — A. G., Manchester.

Sailing And Whaling

BELONGING TO AN OLD Hull seafaring family, I was very pleased with Dennis Holman's article "Sailing Before The Mast" (JOHN BULL, April 15). My great-grandfather and great-granduncle sailed in two of the best-known Humber whaling vessels, the *Elizabeth* and the *Leviathan*, round about 1811. The life was hard then and only the tough could stand it. Whales were harpooned and dragged to the side of the ship, where the blubber was cut from the carcass in the freezing water. My great-grandfather, Thomas Tather, chief mate of the *Leviathan*, was washed overboard and drowned off Greenland at the age of twenty-three. His frozen body was brought down the Humber slung to the top of the mast.—MISS TATHER, 143 Newland Park, Hull.

No Dole For Clergy

DESPITE THE AVERAGE clergyman's struggle to make a living ("Fighting The Good Fight," April 8), he is classed as a self-employed person under the National Insurance Scheme, and has to buy a 6s. 2d. insurance stamp every week. This is regardless of whether he is a curate earning £200 a year—and sometimes paying £2 or more a week for lodging—or is numbered among the few clergymen with rich livings. What is more, as I discovered when I was recently out of paid employment, a clergyman cannot be officially "unemployed." It is doubtful if he can be (officially) off work due to sickness. Surely this is an anomalous position that should be righted?—COUNTRY PARSON, Lincolnshire.

On Course At Night

MAINTAINING A STRAIGHT COURSE over open country in the dark is quite easy ("Free Speech," April 1). Only equipment needed is a map of the area and a simple field compass, which has a sliding band around its circumference. One spot on the band and the pointer on the compass are coated with luminous paint. Set the map in a north to south position, take a bearing of your destination by the light of a torch, move the luminous spot on the outer band until it is in line with the map bearing, then clamp the band down and set out. Using this method, I would guarantee to take a party across open country at night and bring it to within twenty-five yards of a point marked on the map.—A. J. T. HODGSON, 24 Millais Road, Dover, Kent.

Un-tolled Bells

PASSING A CHURCH IN Weymouth, I was disgusted to hear bells played on a gramophone record and relayed through a loudspeaker. The bells themselves could not be distinguished and sounded more like a thunderstorm. As a change ringer myself, I fail to see how this atrocious noise can possess a note of rejoicing to call people to public worship. — BELL-RINGER, Dorset.

Housewife's Load

AFTER A FULL MORNING'S shopping at the weekend, my shopping bag contains: 8 lb. of potatoes, 3 lb. of greens, 2 lb. of onions, 1 lb. of parsnips, 2 lb. of apples, 1 lb. of oranges, 3 lb. of flour, 4 soap rations and other rations for four people. Add sundry articles

like tins of peas or beans, pots of jam, the Sunday joint, 1 lb. of dog biscuits and 1 lb. of fish for the cat and I am staggering home with nearly forty pounds to carry.—MRS. L. B., Margate, Kent.

Wrapped Bread: No Profit

YOUR EDITORIAL ON food and germs (JOHN BULL, April 1) did not give the full story as far as bread is concerned. At present the retailer's profit on a loaf of bread is negligible: he could not make a living out of bread alone. If he wrapped it, he would be selling at a loss—the Ministry of Food allows him to charge an extra ½d. per 1¾-lb. loaf for wrapping. If the bread were sliced, the retailer would have to bear the cost of the slicing machine. His position would be hopeless.

Until points like these have been straightened out, I do not see how the Ministry of Food can obtain the support of retailers in any drive to ensure protective wrapping of all foods.—BAKERY MANAGER, Burnley, Lancs.

. . . No other woman in the shop seconded my complaint to the assistant sweeping up dirt while uncovered cakes, cheese, bacon and biscuits were lying on the counter. Surely it is through us housewives failing to insist on covered displays that we do not get them?—HOUSEWIFE, Flitwick, Bedfordshire.

Bogged Down By Kit

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART'S exposition of the Norwegian fiasco (JOHN BULL, April 8) was brilliant. Writing of the failure of 13,000 Allied troops to dislodge 2,000 Germans in the Trondheim area, he says, "The distance to be covered was long, the snow clogged movement and the Allied troops proved much less capable than the Germans of overcoming the difficulties." This was only too true. Speaking to survivors returning from Narvik and Trondheim, I discovered that one thing which impressed them was the wonderfully light winterproof clothing the enemy wore. It enabled him to run rings round our lads weighted down with heavy equipment and greatcoats.

Even today we are still blundering through a mechanized age with equipment based on Napoleonic design. Surely it is time the War Office looked into this sort of thing? — WATT UNSWORTH, 188 Warrington Road, Abram, Wigan, Lancs.

In next week's issue, Liddell Hart contributes a further article in his series "Ten Years After." See page 22.

Stopping The Rot

THE ADVICE ABOUT DRY ROT ("Now You Know," April 8) was most instructive. As a carpenter and joiner, chiefly on property repairs, I have seen a variety of dry rot fungus. Walls, from which affected wood such as skirting boards has been removed, should be treated in the following way. Play the flame of a blowlamp onto wood around the brickwork, particularly joints, then paint walls with a corrosive sublimate solution. Your chemist will tell you how much solution you need, but be careful with it as it's deadly poison. Next, paint new plugs and the back of new woodwork —and don't forget to keep the air-bricks clear.—L. HOLDCRAFT, 11 Walklate Avenue, Bosford Road, Newcastle, Staffs.

Mental Patient's Protest

FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS I have been an inmate in a mental institution. For five months I was confined with about thirty others suffering in varying degrees of mental illness to two rooms and a bleak passage. What effect can be expected from this sort of treatment, when men who have been unable to face ordinary life are confined among others who are, at best, neurotics?—A. R., Doncaster.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RONALD LAMPITT, who painted this May Fair scene, is an expert bird's-eye-view artist. During the war he was given plenty of opportunity to develop this technique—his job was to make sketches of enemy objectives from the air. Now he works almost entirely from memory. Lampitt's favourite subjects are all in the countryside, but he finds the country too quiet to live in. He's far happier in a London suburb.

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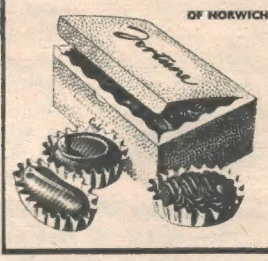

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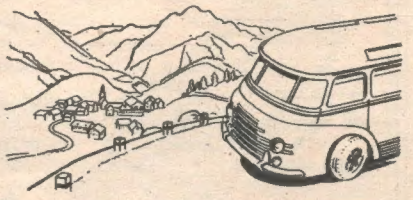

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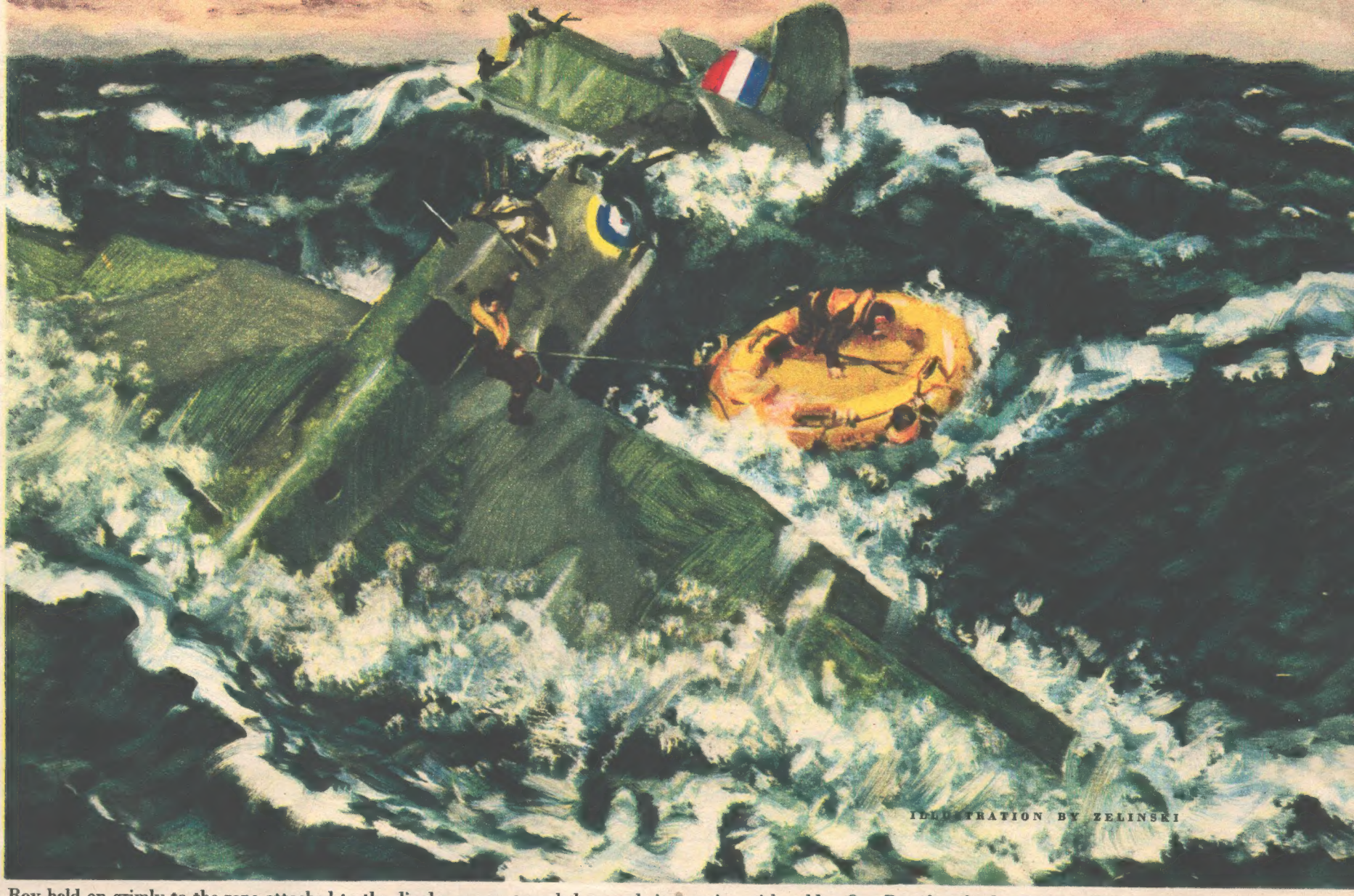


Roy held on grimly to the rope attached to the dinghy as we struggled towards it, panting with cold. Our Beaufort, broken in two, was a sorry sight

STOLEN JOURNEY

by OLIVER PHILPOT

Into the drink—and captivity. . . . The third man in the epic Wooden Horse tunnel escape begins his own remarkable true story—exclusive to John Bull

IT WAS ALMOST TOO HOT to quarrel. The prisoners walked about with only little home-made slips on, and finding the June sun too scorching, came into the shade of their huts, where they fell asleep. The German grammar, the salacious novel, the half-written letter to home—all lay neglected beside them.

"Come on, Ollie, wake up! We've got something to tell you." In my half-sleep I had been mistily aware of Bill's bustling footsteps coming along the corridor to our room, and those softer ones padding alongside him could only be Mike's.

I pushed the newspaper aside. Bill stood there, a well-built, roundish figure in a ridiculous pair of home-made shorts, and nothing else. Mike stood beside him wearing a ragged old pair of pyjama trousers from which the legs had been ripped.

"We've thought of a way to get out of this place."

I yawned and climbed down from my bunk. These new prisoners—all crack-pot and crazy ideas. Surely they should be settling down after six months now; wait till they had been here a year and a half! I yawned again.

We usually walked around the circuit to talk escape, either from fear of microphones, or of ferrets—German camp security guards—under the floor. There weren't many other groups out just then, so we soon isolated ourselves and I turned to Bill. "Well?"

"First of all, Ollie," said Bill, his enthusiasm, if anything, mounting, "tell us again about that little tunnel that succeeded in 1942." And I described to them the Best-Lamont "Moler."

"How far did they go?" asked Mike.

"Fifty-five or sixty feet, perhaps."

"In how long?"

"Thirty-three hours, I believe."

"H'mm." Mike started some mental calculations.

"Now look, you two," I said, bewildered,

Map, compass and forged identity card used by Oliver Philpot (right) in his escape from Stalag Luft III, Germany. Listening is Eric Foinette, fellow p.o.w.

"let's begin at the beginning. What is this all about?"

"It's about a horse, Ollie," said Mike.

"A horse?"

"Yes, a Trojan Horse."

". . . and a moler!" added Bill. Seeing my utter perplexity, he laughed. "You see," he continued, "Mike here knows all about the classics and he said to himself, 'How did the ancients move people from one place to another, in secret?' . . . He was thinking of escape, you see," Bill added helpfully.

"Yes, I gathered that. I have also heard of

the Trojan Horse . . . but that got a number of soldiers *into* a place . . . we want to get out."

"Just reverse the process, old thing, just reverse the process," piped up Mike. "And this," said Bill, "is where we alter the classics a bit. We mean a hollow wooden vaulting horse."

And that was how I came into the escape scheme of the Wooden Horse—eighteen months after I had first been taken prisoner. Eighteen months of captivity in a Norwegian prison hospital, in the transit camp, in Spangenberg Castle, which had looked like a forbidding medieval monstrosity out of Grimms' fairy tales, in Stalag Luft III at Sagan, in the barracks at Schubin in Poland, and back to Sagan again. Eighteen months during which all my thoughts had been concentrated almost entirely on escape. Eighteen months during which all my plans and schemes had fallen through or been detected. Eighteen months since the cold winter day when our Beaufort had been shot down into the sea off Norway. . . .

Water Rises Up To My Neck

When we hit, it was not with a splash, or a thud, but with a harsh shuddering crrr-ash. In an instant there was dark green water everywhere, around my waist, under my armpits, up to my neck. A wave smacked against the "Perspex" window of my aeroplane. I got no visions of my past life. Just a feeling "This is *it*!" then, with utter incredulity, "and, by God, it's happening to me!" The drill began to work. *The parachute—why is it so difficult?—oh yes—undo the safety strap first—where is it?—down there in the water—there we are—now for the parachute harness—are my feet free?—yes—now OUT!* I shot up through the roof hatchway of the aeroplane.

If the North Sea had looked rough from above, it seemed mountainous from surface level. But I noted all this subconsciously; I was peering round anxiously towards the tail of the machine only to see one thing—the dinghy. Was it a series of perforated sheets of rubber or was it still a dinghy? There it was, large, round, and gloriously bulbous, with Roy standing sturdily on the semi-submerged main wing of the Beaufort, one hand firmly gripping the hand-hold on the side of the cabin, the other holding the rope attached to our dinghy. It bobbed about triumphantly and tugged wildly at its human mooring.

I started to slither towards the dinghy along the cabin roof, a difficult enough task back on Leuchars aerodrome, but an impossible one now. A large wave picked me off with effortless ease. My Mae West supported me in the water, and, hearing a shout, I turned round to see my navigator, Gordon, also floating about.

We struggled towards the dinghy and, reaching it, held on to the ropes on its sides, panting with the cold. "After you," shouted Gordon, spitting out some water. "Don't be damn silly," I shouted back. "Get in yourself—I'm still captain of this bloody aircraft." This was a somewhat over-dramatic and watery moment, and I think that it was just then that we both looked over towards the aircraft in question. It was a sorry sight. Just aft of the rear turret, it had apparently broken in two, and the tail unit was, momentarily, bobbing about high out of the sea with something of the airy lightness of an enormous eggshell.

But things were happening fast. Freddie appeared from somewhere and more or less fell into the dinghy, helped there by Roy. "Shall I get in?" Roy shouted, keeping his balance on the wing only by an effort. "Yes. Be quick!"

Then we lost contact with the Beaufort altogether. Gordon was hauled into the dinghy. Then it was my turn. What a job! The rounded rubber side of the dinghy looming up above my head. The anxiety not to swamp the thing. The slow—maddeningly slow—progress of being dragged in by clutching wet hands. The final over-the-top—the "I'm in" feeling. I immediately looked all over it for signs of bullet holes. I secured the knife so that we should not jab it into the rubber. There were no holes.

Adrift In Our Yellow Dinghy

"My abdomen hurts," said Freddie, rather anatomically. His eyes were a trifle glassy, and I thought: here's fun, a wounded man out here! There were other things to do. We got out the paddles and tried to paddle over to where one of the parachutes was floating about, a neat brown bundle only a few yards away. But we could not reach it. First the dinghy would ascend a steep wave and the next moment it would slop over the top and skate perilously down to the bottom of a deep valley between the foam-crested rollers. A parachute would have provided covering for us, and its whiteness would have been a signal.

The aeroplane during this time had completely disappeared, both bits of it. There was just a parachute or two and the bomb-doors, and even those floated away, leaving us alone in our round yellow dinghy, with the water sluicing around our thighs and splashing in over the edge.

I sat opposite Gordon. Roy sat opposite Freddie. There could be no bunching. In the middle was a conglomeration of feet and ankles, a binocular case, and odd bits of dinghy equipment tied on with cord.

"What happened to the pigeons?"

"Ruddy well drowned," said Roy, and Freddie nodded, still looking rather glassy.

"How are you, Freddie? Were you hit?"

"No, don't think so. Don't feel so bad now, as a matter of fact."

"Any blood?" said Gordon with an intent look.

Freddie, lying there in the dinghy which rocketed and skidded about in its crazy fashion, felt under his leather flying jacket with his hand. "No. No blood; I'm all right."

"My God I feel sick," said Gordon, and was. "Me, too," I grunted, and, afterwards, "There goes a fine British breakfast." In ten minutes we had all vomited and we then lay back.

Did The Ships Spot Us?

"Shan't need these now," said Roy, dropping overboard his earphones. "Nor this," he added, tearing a note about wireless information into tiny fragments and scattering them.

"I wish I could let my wife know that I am all right and will be a prisoner of war," I said.

"Do you think that the ships saw us land?"

"Don't know, but I expect they'll send someone out to us. Sure to, I should think." I went on, "Did we get our ship, Freddie?"

"Can't say," Freddie replied, "there was some smoke about but can't be sure."

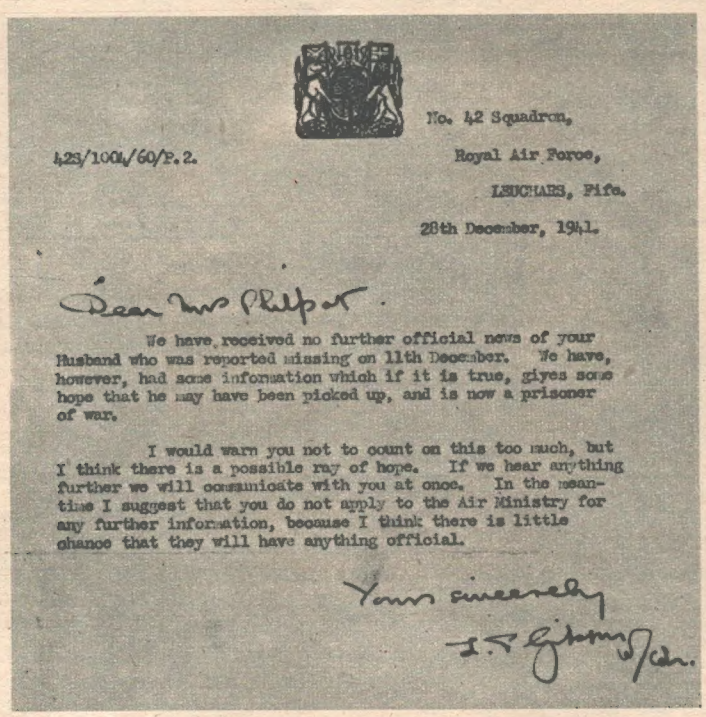
We all thought of the two long lines of enemy merchant ships, with protecting flak ships, and of the large fat freighter in the middle which I had attacked, flying low over the deck to drop my bombs. "Freddie was pretty busy," remarked Roy. "He was trying to shoot up about twenty ships from his rear turret. When did we get hit?"

"Don't know exactly, but the starboard engine bought it good and proper."

"What will happen now?"

I said that I thought we would blow into the coast, before very long. "Thank goodness for that," said Roy, "and now what about some baling?" And we all drew our knees up under our chins while Roy baled with the binocular case. With less water inside the dinghy we each lay back against the round rubber bulge in less discomfort. Underneath our bodies, separated from us by one thickness of canvas, surged the green depths of the North Sea.

Roy was the old hand. He and I knew one another from previous flights. He was only eighteen, a square built, solid-looking boy. Gordon, a slight figure, was older. This was his first trip—or,



No. 42 Squadron,
Royal Air Force,
LEUCHARS, Fife.

423/100A/60/P.2.

28th December, 1941.

Dear Mrs Philpot.

We have received no further official news of your Husband who was reported missing on 11th December. We have, however, had some information which if it is true, gives some hope that he may have been picked up, and is now a prisoner of war.

I would warn you not to count on this too much, but I think there is a possible ray of hope. If we hear anything further we will communicate with you at once. In the meantime I suggest that you do not apply to the Air Ministry for any further information, because I think there is little chance that they will have anything official.

Yours sincerely,

I. T. Gibson W/Cdr.

Reported missing: letter sent to Philpot's wife, Nathalie. At that time Philpot was p.o.w in an Oslo prison hospital

Air Ministry photo shows hit officially accredited to Philpot in raid on German shipping off Norway. Soon after, on a similar raid, he was hit

The Wooden Horse escapees at a reunion in England: Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Philpot (left), Mr. and Mrs. Eric Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Codner

really half trip. He was a mature sort of fellow and was gazing round orientating himself. The wind ruffled his thinning hair. Freddie, I hardly knew. He was the largest, a distinct disadvantage in our predicament. He sat there looking annoyed, and was losing his glassy expression which had been caused by hitting his head on the armour-plated bulkhead when we landed.

I waited till we rose up a wave slope and looked towards the coast. There it was, the coast of Norway. Quite a good thick chunk of it. We would blow in this evening, perhaps. Or maybe tomorrow. Must be careful not to upset. Must try to sneak off and avoid capture. Or would the Germans send out and find us first? And then we would be prisoners of war?

It took some time to get used to doing nothing. I had no longer to guide the course of the Beaufort and to look out over the waves seeking a ship to attack; Gordon's mathematical calculations about our position were at the bottom of the sea; Roy could forget his wireless set, and Freddie's guns were swamped with sea-water.

Everything that we could do in the dinghy had been done. We had made an effort to paddle it towards the far-away cliffs but it was no use. We might just have gone the width of the Thames at Putney by a superhuman effort; ten or twelve miles of rough North Sea were not possible. We tried more than once, but the paddles were like big gloves, and with hands inside, the operation of them in the water meant our leaning well over the bulge of the dinghy. It seemed easy to fall out, or possibly to get the dinghy swamped. And we made no progress. We had no sail.

The short winter afternoon was coming to an end. The grave-like coldness of the sea could be felt as we sat squirming from time to time, from one side to another, to avoid being cold in one part of our bodies for too long at a time. The dinghy air bulge stayed firm; it had no leaks, and was not a bad head rest.

"Have you looked at the coast lately, Gordon?" I tried to sound non-commital. "Yes." Gordon looked back at me. His eyes narrowed a little. "It's not—not quite as big as it was—is it?"

"No. That's what I thought, too. We're drifting away from it." The other two sat up and gazed out over the late afternoon sea at the rocky fringe of Norway lying there in the distance. A little low cloud had formed over it. There was nothing to say. The coastline had got smaller in size. There was no doubt of it.

I Was No Captain Bligh

As night fell the yellow dinghy continued remorselessly to float away from the land and out into the wastes of the North Sea. During the night I awoke and looked around me. The darkness had softened the savageness of the sea, had caused the waves to be moulded shadowy shapes without such a menacing appearance as in the day. But the sea still ran high and every now and then there would be a slithering, splashing sound as a crest broke close by the dinghy and a cold cascade of water would be flung violently over us.

The dinghy gave a twist and my gaze changed direction. I saw a cloud bearing down on us. That looked like rain, and it would be on us in a moment. Roy was only fitfully asleep, so I prodded him and together we tried to collect some of the rain in our garments. But it merely drove violently against us for a minute or two and then let up. We collected no water. Captain Bligh would have done better than this.

We baled and settled down again. The difference between day and night was that by day we sat with our feet out in front, usually along the thighs of the man opposite. By night we slumped over in an endless circular chain, my head on Freddie's hindquarters, his on Gordon's, and so on. One's hands were best placed, for warmth, between the legs of the man in front.

In the dawn the light came slowly. At last I could see. We slid up a wave, and, poised momentarily on the top, I looked all round. I was prepared for a small strip of coast, but there was no coast at all. Land didn't exist in any direction. There was simply an endless succession of dark green waves bobbing up and down with the irresponsibility of ballet dancers and with their crests being whipped off in a white lather by the wind. Gradually the others came to. "What about some water, Ollie?"

"O.K., in a minute, let's get some food out first."

"What's it to be?"

"Here, take three of these tablets each. Do you like them?"

"Not bad. Quite filling."

"That's how they're meant to be. Now just hold this a moment. Here's a biscuit each."

I passed the water flask around, "Two swigs, that's all." There was a little intentness of gaze as six eyes watched each man in turn take his two swigs. The flask came automatically back to me with the careful punctiliousness of the passing of the port at a formal dinner party. I sealed it up again. "That's breakfast, that was." I reckoned that on food and drink we could last two weeks—if the cold allowed us still to take food and drink in a fortnight's time, which seemed doubtful.

We sat back. The long morning passed. "What's that?" Gordon's face narrowed as he listened intently. "An aeroplane, of course," from Roy. We all sat up. There was no mistake, a faint, faint hum, and then the unmistakable engine noise.

"Theirs or ours?"

"Don't know."

"Let's fire the ruddy flare," I said, "and see what happens whatever it is." Roy tugged and tugged at the release tape. "Dammit," he muttered, "Dammit," and his fingers, too cold to serve him properly, slipped again and again.

Soon the Heinkel seaplane was only a far-away black spidery dot with boots on and rapidly melted away. "Sorry, chaps," Roy said ruefully.

"Not your fault," I replied, "the ruddy tape is

a darn sight too stiff," as indeed it was. Gordon was philosophical, and anyway he didn't like Germans. "The bastards would probably have shot us up anyway."

A sea-gull floated past, circled and hovered. Lovely bird, with the priceless gift of effortless flight. He would roost on the land tonight.

"Ollie," said Gordon very quietly, "do you think we shall get out of this?" This was clearly one of those moments.

"Yes," I said, "I do." It was an appalling lie, but I deceived myself as well.

On with the routine. Routine saved us from thinking. First we baled, then we ate and drank at intervals. At other periods we did "dinghy drill." Two men would grab one another's hands and arms and would work them to and fro like pistons to generate some body-warmth. I had begun to lose contact with my feet. I had come out wearing ordinary shoes—a bad mistake. I removed them and the others rubbed my feet from time to time. Roy had not got his leather jacket, but seemed to be bearing up well.

The second night was worse than the first. The first night had found us fairly well organized and still reasonably fresh. Now we were chilled and getting dopey. The third morning found us a trifle apathetic. Roy stared into the distance—north-westwards. "Look at those factory chimneys." We looked. A mere smudge of smoke. Half an hour passed. Freddie had been examining the smoke. "They're not chimneys, they're ships."

"And coming this way." Gordon was staring at them.

"What do we do now?" And while the smoke slowly turned into ships in general, and ships in general turned into distinct merchant vessels accompanied out in front by a flak-ship, we debated.

"They could be Swedish."

"More likely German, or German-controlled."

"What do we do? Lie low, or let the ships know we're here?" I put it to them. "Let them know we're here," they said. I agreed. I had felt this already. There was no reasonable alternative to this plan.

Our Flare Is Answered

The ships gradually came nearer and nearer. "Right, Roy, now this time all you do is to hold the flare between your legs. We will pull the tape." It worked. At the right moment when the ships were three-quarters of a mile away we pulled the flare. Off went a lively series of shooting fireworks. The flak-ship heeled over to starboard. A long red answering flare shot out of her. For a horrifying fraction of a second we thought that it was a tracer bullet.

The flak-ship moved swiftly. Now the bows were pushing past us, only a yard or two away, looking enormous. Now we were right up by the rail, over which figures bent, throwing us lines. Then we were yards below the rail in the pit of the waves.

Each time we went up one of my crew stretched out his hands and was grabbed and pulled on deck. I was last and as the sailors held on to my arms the sea receded and they nearly came out of their sockets. The whole dinghy had entangled itself in the hook of my Mae West and we both dangled on the side of the ship. A last heave, and I and the dinghy were spreadeagled on the deck.

And just as I had come over the rail I had seen the writing on the sailor caps, "KRIEGSMARINE." "Ah, Englander!" the sailors cried. No Swedes these: we were in the hands of the German Navy. None of us could walk properly. Each was carried by a couple of men to a cabin and stripped.

Nearly all our plans for concealing maps and compasses came to nothing as the German sailors went determinedly carrying away all our clothes. They clad us in odd shirts and trousers obviously commandeered from their own crew, and then took us below to a large communal cabin with bunks all around. In there we lay.

The crew was a mixture of hard-bitten oldish seamen and some young athletic men in their early twenties who seemed to be treating the whole thing as a glorified fishing expedition—light-heartedly welcoming the catches.

"My feet," I said. "Can you do something?"

"But—of course—what?" said one of the young men. We peered at my feet together. They were large, fat and useless. He brought buckets of water, mostly hot, and bathed them. Then rubbed them hard with a rough towel. They got bigger still. Bowls of soup arrived. It was semi-solid, herby stuff, quite tasty, and its very warmth gave us a feeling of well-being.

The incentive to fraternize was there, and had to be fought against. They had had their routine broken by an unusual capture, and felt like talking; we were relieved at our being pulled out of the North Sea. The four of us kept muttering to one another—"Careful—can't talk about that"—and so on. Awkward and artificial pauses intervened. We dozed. We had been picked up at 9.30 a.m. and it was now well past midday on December 13, 1941.

The flak-ship's radio blared forth in German. I passed on the gist of the news to my crew. The tones were exultant: *The gallant Japanese airmen have destroyed the American Fleet . . . Thousands upon thousands of Japanese troops are advancing victoriously into British territory in Malaya.* We had heard something about the Japs starting some warlike operation or other before we left, but it had still been at the rumour stage. It had sounded ominous; this sounded like the end of the world. That was not all: *Japanese long-range aircraft are reported to have attacked and sunk two great British battleships, one of the "King George the Fifth" class; the other is the "Repulse."*

We looked at one another in consternation—rapidly trying to hide this from the Germans who were sniggering and looking at us. The morale of the crew of "O for Orange" sank. There didn't seem any obvious way of laughing this off. We came to our lowest point when the loudspeaker assured its hearers with sugary confidence: *And the fall of Singapore is only a matter of days, that is certain.*

We relapsed sombrely to dozing. Our flak-ship took us up the Skaggerak during the winter afternoon and on and on as darkness fell. Engine-room telegraph noises sounded. The ship slackened speed; it was now about 8 p.m. and we were docking. "You—stay there," said a sailor. We had struggled into our clothes which had been dried, and wondered what would happen next. Most of the ship's crew had packed light luggage, ragged one another like schoolboys, and disappeared up the stairs to the deck with joyful noises.

I heard sharp official German voices; orders were being given. There was a stamping of boots and a Luftwaffe officer appeared. He had a long greeny-blue greatcoat. I was impressed by the swastika on his cap badge. This was the real thing.

Roy hauled himself up on one elbow looking distinctly young and cheeky; I felt that he was examining the officer as a small boy does his first cinema commissionaire. Freddie looked as if he were on parade. Gordon stared at the officer with his face still and impassive but with his eyes not threatening but carrying a message of smouldering hatred and contempt.

"Who is your captain?"

"I am."

"What rank are you?"

"Flying officer."

"You are—flying officer?"

"Yes."

"We shall see, then, we shall see." He stared at us coldly, apparently thinking that I was lying.

We Meet The German Army

I was lifted by a stretcher and we all came out on to the deck into a jet-black night. Torches were flashed; Teutonic noises were made, orders given, and out of the blackness appeared a large ambulance. The door slammed shut; the motor started, and we drove off into the dark streets of Christiansand.

In the dim light of the vehicle we looked at the large soldier who had clambered into the back of the ambulance and he looked at us. We were rapidly forgetting the North Sea, the Beaufort. All that was now only a dream, and only one thing seemed to count—we were prisoners of war—prisoners of war—and securely guarded and watched by armed soldiers of the German Reich.

The ambulance braked sharply and came to rest. We could hear German voices, and then the door swung open revealing an inky panel of blackness in which we could gradually see human shapes and stabbing gleams of torchlight. Our guard—never did we feel less inclined to escape—lumbered out and hung about the entrance, a ponderous but menacing reminder that we were captives.

Between them the Germans carried or hustled the four members of Beaufort "O for Orange" up the stairs of an apartment which seemed one of a solid row of houses such as you find in residential London.

"Hospital," I said. "Doctor—Arzt," pointing to my feet. "Lazarett," grunted the guard. "Lazarett—ja—ja," he added, nodding and apparently appreciating my demand for medical attention. Up and up we went; through a door and into a room with beds, a welcome sight. There was a bed for each of us, close together. Most of the German soldiers and officials dispersed.

"Arzt," I said firmly, to one of the men remaining.

"Ja—ja—sofort," they replied, and with this

Continued on page 28

Oliver Philpot

IT IS NOT EASY to imagine Oliver Philpot, author of *Stolen Journey* and Wooden Horse tunnel escapee, burrowing below the earth, his body covered with sweat and sand, for today he looks very much the neat, trim London business man that he is. "I am not one of the 'what hell it was' school of p.o.w.s," he is anxious to stress. "For me life in a p.o.w. camp was rather like living in an unpleasant and dirty hotel"—which perhaps explains the dogged tenacity that carried him through his dangerous journey to freedom from that life.

Thirty-seven years old, he was born in Vancouver. He first learnt to fly with the Oxford University Air Squadron, and as a wartime R.A.F. bomber pilot was awarded the D.F.C. Married, he lives in Chislehurst, Kent, and has twin daughters—born six weeks before his capture in December, 1941—and a son aged five. Not unnaturally, he is now allergic to gardening and all forms of digging; his pastimes include rowing in "old men's eights" and organizing "Hall of Escape" sideshows at R.A.F. Association fêtes where he makes an energetic and enthusiastic "busker."

Father faces up to the facts of life

At first, the very thought of having to tell the children about sex worried me a lot

by JOHN MAY

MY WIFE DECIDED TO HAVE her new baby at home, after all. At her suggestion, in case the telephone went out of order or the infant arrived before the experts, I prepared for emergencies by gleaning a few practical tips about midwifery.

"Wrap the baby up warm, and get yourself a stiff drink," a ribald medical friend said. "Believe me, boy, you'll need it!"

But on the night everyone turned up promptly: doctor, nurse, and new baby all within the hour. Like all my kids, the new one was a boy. And then, disturbed by clanking kettles and the first cats-on-the-roof wail of his new-born brother, Jonathan (eighteen months old) awoke howling. So I introduced him.

In another couple of years Jonathan will probably be demanding more information about this baby business. "Where did I come from, Mummy?" And I know that there are times when the other boys — Rodney, Garry and Richard—could do with an odd biological fact or two, though like most kids they seldom say so.

A pity they have no sisters. A few girls about the place would be distinctly instructive. But, even if we had daughters as well as sons, I can see that "what shall I tell my child?" could easily become a nasty headache.

Popped The Awkward Question

A timid mother shyly confessed to my wife and me the other evening, for instance, that her son had that day "popped the awkward question," as she put it. "What did you tell him?" we asked mischievously. "Stork, gooseberry bush, or the doctor's little black bag?" In fact, she had told the boy that he'd have to ask his father. Knowing the father, I realized that here was another unlucky kid being stalled off.

There are a million different excuses, all phoney, for this kind of parental sidestepping. A widowed nurse with a six-year-old son told us how he'd asked why he could not have a baby brother or sister. She had said she was too old, could not afford it, would not have time to look after a baby. Not all lies, exactly, but simply dodging the question—and no doubt the boy knew it. A woman with medical training ought to have more sense.

To save themselves a little plain speaking which they should not, but undoubtedly do, find embarrassing, many fathers and mothers condemn their children to a haunting, miserable ignorance. It can have devastating effects. "Peeping Toms" and other unhappy park criminals start like this.

Innocent Or Ignorant?

My wife is the kind of sympathetic person that worried people naturally turn to. She found it hard to reassure the efficient typist aged twenty-four who was hysterically certain she was going to have a baby—simply because she had been kissed rather passionately by the young commercial traveller to whom she was engaged.

It was still more difficult to convince the naively "innocent" nineteen-year-old lovely, a stage dancer, that in four months' time she was due to become a mother. She thought she'd caught some kind of chill.

This ignorance and distortion of simple truths seems to me peculiarly the fruits of living in large towns. In the country children see mating, birth, life and death going on all the time in a hundred different ways. My sons have had a parade of pets through the years that have done more good than a dozen books on biology.

Rodney was a toddler aged two when somebody gave him Minnie—a tprtoise-shell cat, and therefore female. But she had previously visited an R.S.P.C.A. clinic for an operation, and we were spared kittens for several years until we acquired an additional cat.

Garry's first pair of goldfish died young. His infant attempt to lift one out of the bowl with scissors as tongs ended disastrously in its decapitation. Its sorrowing mate flung itself out of the water one night to a dusty death on the floor. Was it, we wondered, for love?

But then came tame rabbits with wild habits, and the laugh was on me. It began innocently enough with a couple of tiny bunnies which Rodney and Garry brought home, one each, nestling inside their lumber jackets. Lured by rosy promises of big profits, they had extravagantly paid half-a-crown each for them. Playing on the lawn with their pets, they indicated that it was now my paternal duty to construct two hutches.

Adam and Eve munching forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden did not make a mistake bigger than mine when I built only *one* hutch. "Quite large enough for two small rabbits," I said. I had not then learnt the trick, as the boys did later, of speedily telling the sex of rabbits by examination.

The rabbit crescendo became a nightmare. Boxes with drooping, leather-hinged doors began to crowd the car out of the garage. Through every square of wire netting could be seen intent ears and a rampant, ravenous animal. "Have you fed your rabbits?" was the standard query before school, always provoking a frantic search

Pets are better than biology books but as a guide to human behaviour are a bit too rough

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS L. MAYS

for food. My vegetable plot was ruthlessly pillaged, though I never saw a boy near it.

Saturday morning was cleaning-out time. I drew a garden dividend in the form of a mounting manure heap, but paid dearly in other ways. Richard, six now but then only a toddler, undid hutch doors one day simply to see the rabbits run. Fugitives gnawed their way out during school hours. After one or two wild chases, I perfected a technique of mesmerizing them with a creeping frontal approach until close enough to grab. I was immeasurably relieved when philately suddenly became the rage and the rabbits went to market to buy foreign stamps.

But while the invasion lasted it was tremendously instructive for the boys, including young Richard. A lot of incidental biological questions were asked and answered. The kids could quote the ancestors of every twitching nose for three and four generations back. They chalked the dates of coming "happy events" on hutch doors, and knew the worth at stud of every buck. They mated every doe and kept all the offspring. No rabbit could breed fast enough for them.

Nature Can Be Misleading

The snag about the farmyard approach to sex instruction is that animals are only a rough guide to human behaviour—too rough. Nature in the raw can be misleading. A blonde who tried to appear particularly sophisticated walked around our garden one summer day, and complained of one chicken cruelly pecking another. Her face was red when one of the kids explained.

A black-and-white bull with a chain on his nose-ring lives happily with a harem of heifers in a strawyard within sight of our house. His ladies like him, but it's obvious that he's no gentleman. Kids who see this kind of thing need telling that human relationships do *not* involve a brutal attack.

The courtship of our ducks on the pond, on the other hand, is a delightful aquatic minuet of polite bowings and noddings. They follow it shortly after with exuberant quacking and diving, flailing the water with their wings in a mad rush-about of delight. It is a pretty parable of mutual courtesy and joy.

But these countryside lessons in love fall flat when they are pressed in the pages of a cautious school primer. Too often they are dished out desiccated and dry by a spinster teacher who is herself half scared of the subject. What the kids want to know is about their own bodies and where they themselves came from. They are fobbed off instead with the pale passion of daisies. When I hear of the queer effects of this kind of teaching, I rejoice that my sons can go to nature.

Unlike nursery arithmetic, which springs naturally from counting baby's fingers and toes, school biology begins as far away from the human body as possible. Flowers and frogs are fine, but they're at the wrong end of the evolutionary scale. I know of a girl, brought up on botany, who was scared for years of airborne fertilization, thinking that babies came like dandelion seeds on a summer breeze. A young man just starting work confessed that he was still inclined to blush at mention of the word "pollen." And a girl who'd been learning "biology" for a long time at school said sadly: "We haven't come to babies yet."

I blame the parents as much as the teachers. Classrooms are the wrong place for this kind of instruction. Sex is not a crowd subject. It is as difficult to put over to a class as mother love would be. Parents who vote for sex instruction in schools are dodging their own responsibility. The matter is an intimate and personal one.

Children react in a wonderfully matter-of-fact way when mothers and fathers give frank straightforward answers to questions directly they are asked. My wife was present when a friend came home and said to her two daughters, eight and ten years old: "The doctor says I'm going to have a baby." They gazed at their mother delighted. "It's no use looking at me so hard," she said with a smile. "It won't show yet awhile."

A little boy cousin, aged six, wanted to see Jonathan, then a baby, being fed at the breast early last year. "Where *is* the milk he's going to drink," he asked, puzzled. My wife explained. "Oh, I know," he said, "like drinking through a straw." Out of the mouths of babes, wisdom!

Perhaps because kids sense that even today in the adult world the subject is a hush-hush one, my boys rarely raise "baby" questions at our meal-time discussions, though these range over every subject under the sun. Occasionally something that has obviously puzzled and worried one of them is blurted out at bedtime. "How do unborn babies get out?" Sitting on the edge of the bed, it's easy to pass on knowledge calmly by the light of a candle.

Biological Brains Trust

Once or twice last winter my wife found herself acting as a one-woman brains trust round the fire of an evening. These biological sessions started with "Have you thought of any more names for the new baby yet?" They went best in the absence of father.

But a month or two later, sitting on a log with the boys beside the dying glow of a large garden bonfire, and watching the stars come out, I found the subject came up in conversation naturally, and we tackled it man to man.

I don't want to make the problem appear more simple than it is. There is a barrier of time and experience between generations that is hard to break through. Fathers and mothers have to keep their eyes and understanding open to notice distress signals for information.

A little girl of five went to her aunt, whom I know, and volunteered the statement: "Cats have kittens, dogs have puppies, and mothers have babies." It was obviously a tryout of knowledge to check if it was correct. The aunt was a wise woman and sensed that the statement was in fact a question. "That's right, dear," she said. "What do you want to know about it?"

It is less easy to recognize a child's nagging hunger for sex knowledge when the only sign is a stream of pointless questions on other subjects, a habit of eavesdropping on adult conversations, or even, when older, a preoccupation with scribbling figures armed with oversize daggers.

Many a youngster who is scolded for being thoughtless, forgetful, absent-minded, is in fact absorbed in trying to puzzle out the facts of life with only odd scraps of twisted fact to go on, plus a criminal lack of help from its parents. Dozens of adolescents live at war with themselves in a turmoil of unnecessary fear and worry because of wickedly stupid nonsense hinted to them by prudish grown-ups.

Right Way To Tackle It

The schoolmaster was right who said that there are no problem children, only problem parents. "How to say it" is a real puzzle for some dumb adults. The problem was cleared up for me when an elderly doctor, a friend of the family, came to stay with us for the weekend. He sat sideways in an armchair with his legs cocked over the arm, and gave us a potted lecture.

"I'd say never use so-called 'rude' words. They have connections with sexy stories in an adult's mind, and so bring a feeling of either shame or shamelessness—both out of place in this connection—which the child immediately senses. Children's words are nearly as bad; they link up with functions that some parents wrongly label 'nasty,' and are made into vulgarities."

"Nothing much left, then, is there?" I queried.

"Oh, yes," said Doc. "The answer's quite easy. I once wrote a little book about it. What youngsters want is basic medical knowledge. So why not use the common medical terms that everybody knows to instruct them?"

Simple, obvious and emotionally absolutely "antiseptic"—and yet how few parents have ever thought of it!

At first, like other fathers, I found the thought of having to provide sex instruction for the kids a bit of a bogey. It was a tremendous relief to discover that, once a child gets a sensible answer to his questions, he ceases to be interested in the subject, until another problem arises.

Babies and sex matter little to a boy who knows the answers. Why should they? His interest can be hardly more than theoretical, anyway. He's keen to get on with the much more absorbing games of fighting and football. THE END

Garry and Jonathan May. Are parents who vote for school sex talks dodging their responsibility?

Ralling (right) removes leg vane after a jump. Now he wants to drop 30,000 ft. before opening his 'chute

O. Owen, Apex Group jumper, pulls ripcord from under left shoulder. One more second would be too late

Parachuting for fun

by KEITH ELLIS

His hobby is falling headlong through space. Though he takes a parachute, he won't use it until the last minute

JOHN RALLING, a twenty-three year old engineering student, is a wiry lightweight whose hobby is to hurl himself from an aeroplane, jerk a ripcord and swing gently down to earth dangling under the canopy of a billowing parachute. For variety he likes to wait until the last possible moment before "pulling the string." Thus it is not unusual for him to bale out at 4,000 ft. and plummet through 2,500 ft. of space. Only when his stop-watch shows he is 1,500 ft. from the ground, a good, all-round safety limit, does he open his 'chute. "It's more fun that way," he says. "There's nothing in straightforward parachute-jumping."

Ralling was introduced to his hobby five years ago in the R.A.F. Accepted for aircrew, he was one of a class of pilots-to-be declared redundant at the end of the war. There were vacancies in three trades. They could become cooks, clerks or parachute-instructors. For Ralling "the choice was pretty obvious."

Only Five "Regulars"

Since leaving the Service he has made 121 descents. He has jumped at exhibitions, R.A.F.V.R. "at homes"—and just for the fun of it. One summer he was employed by a well-known holiday camp to entertain guests. He got the usual fee of £10 per jump. "We're not in the business for a living," he says, "but this doesn't even cover costs. As there were only five civilian parachutists jumping regularly last season, we hope it won't be too difficult to raise the standard fee to £15."

Ralling finds it difficult to describe what it feels like to fall through the air at speeds that frequently touch 400 ft. per second, but one thing is certain: the popular belief that one gets a blackout is completely false.

"Far from consciousness failing, it actually increases," he says. "Then there's the peculiar sensation of being entirely by yourself—you couldn't possibly be more alone. The wind is blowing past, you lose all sense of weight. Delays just don't last long enough. From 5,000 ft. the maximum you can risk is ten or eleven seconds. Personally, I could lie there for hours."

Dropping On Target

The most difficult part of parachuting is not the actual jump or landing, both of which can be perfected by training and practice, but coming to earth somewhere within a mile of the airfield. Responsibility for telling the parachutist when to jump rests with the pilot, but from 2,500 ft., a 25-m.p.h. wind can blow the jumper over 1,500 yd. out of his estimated dropping area.

Once or twice, Ralling's pilots have been unsatisfactory. On one occasion he was lying full length on the wing of a Tiger Moth waiting to roll off. Suddenly the pilot turned and nodded violently. Ralling jumped. Instead of falling straight on to the airfield, he was caught in a strong wind that whirled him over a road, a railway line, and finally a row of houses. He ended up in the middle of a ploughed field. "I think now the pilot was merely giving a cheerful greeting."

Another difficulty Ralling has had to overcome has been to get official permission for his hobby. The Ministry of Civil Aviation insists on approving each parachutist personally before he is allowed to jump.

The parachute must also be approved. Not more than twenty-four hours before the jump is to take place, it must be newly packed and a chit obtained from the Ministry certifying that the packing is satisfactory.

The attitude of friends and relations to his hobby amuses Ralling. "Now that it has been put to them in the right way, my parents are quite happy about it," he says. One of his colleagues is not so fortunate. When his employer heard of his parachuting, he forbade him to jump on pain of dismissal. Now he jumps under a pseudonym.

Ralling doesn't reckon on accidents. Meticulous preparations before the event, perfect physical fitness and a technique perfected over five years rule out the possibility for all practical purposes. Nevertheless, a friend of his was once caught out by the unexpected. Aiming to pep up his display for a fête, he planned to jump out of the plane and wait until he was a mere 1,000 ft. from the ground before pulling the ripcord. At this height, there is practically no allowance for error. If the parachutist continues to fall for another three seconds, he will hit the ground.

The man jumped, found from his stop-watch that he had reached 1,000 ft., and pulled his ripcord. Nothing happened. Still falling, he noticed an unfamiliar patch of white under his left arm. It was the tiny pilot parachute that, released by the ripcord, drags the full-sized one from its container. Hastily he pushed it away. The parachute opened—at 500 ft. "He must have been moving his arms about," says Ralling. "Another half second and it would have been too late."

'Chute Opened At 400 Ft.

Another friend, thinking his free fall was too slow, strapped a piece of webbing between his legs to speed it up. The webbing started to tear. It so distracted him that when he looked down again, he noticed the ground was uncomfortably close. He pulled the string at 400 ft.

To take the shock of the parachute opening, Ralling prefers to be head down with his feet wide apart. He wears his luminous stop-watch on his left wrist, leaving his right hand free to pull the ripcord. For any kind of jump he prefers fair weather, not too many clouds and as little wind as possible. He usually wears battle-dress to keep him warm in temperatures that are as low as −50 degrees centigrade at 40,000 ft.

Ralling and three other ex-R.A.F. parachute instructors have formed the Apex Group and hope to make a joint attack on the night record for a delayed drop at present held by the Russians. They plan to fall from 35,000 ft. to 5,000 ft. before opening their 'chutes. The only site the Ministry of Civil Aviation is likely to approve for the attempt is Salisbury Plain.

£500 Goes In One Jump

The main difficulty this time is likely to be finance. The only suitable plane for a team drop from such a height is the Tudor. This costs £100 an hour to hire and, including the dummy run, they will need it for at least four hours. A parachute costs £86. The hiring fee is just over £10. They will also need stop-watches, oxygen equipment and flares to mark the dropping area. Adding to this the cost of accommodation and a car to pick them up, they expect the bill to reach at least £500.

Ralling reckons the cost would be negligible if they could only get co-operation from the R.A.F. Though they have not so far been successful in this, they are optimistic, for they believe they can contribute something to both medical and aeronautical knowledge.

For instance, the standard oxygen mask is likely to be torn off by the wind when an airman bales out at high altitudes to fall at the rate of 400 ft. per second. The Apex Group has devised a special fitting which prevents this. Little is known, too, of the state of oxygen in the blood and the rate of the pulse during a delayed drop.

Most difficult of all when falling in the dark is to know when you are approaching the ground. Altimeters are notoriously unreliable under these circumstances and Ralling prefers a stop-watch. He calculates the free fall of 30,000 ft. will take approximately two minutes. "We'll open our 'chutes at 5,000 ft.—just to be on the safe side."

THE END

There was a check in the orchestra, a quick, surprised glance from the conductor. But how could they know? She was on her feet, crying his name

The Concert

by DUDLEY BARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

She was his mother. She alone knew what his music said. She knew, too, the moment when genius became madness

PRICKED WITH STARS, the glowing night sky of the city arched above the silhouette of the concert hall like one dome fitted above another.

At the entrance, the line of cars jostled and swung in the eddying currents of the crowds. Elegant women lifted the hems of their gowns to mount the stairs, tall men in black coats paid off taxicabs.

A metropolitan occasion, she exulted, the dumpy, ageing woman standing in the press at the entrance beneath one of the concert bills in a glass frame. Nobody could have guessed the radiance within her. When she turned to glance surreptitiously at the bill, nobody noticed.

Her lips moved as she read once again the item in slightly larger type than the rest: "First Performance, Piano Concerto in F . . . Nicholas Haym." And underneath, "Soloist . . . Nicholas Haym." Inset was a portrait of him, a dark young man with heavy eyebrows and thick lips. Nobody knew, or cared, that she was his mother.

Charlotte Pattison joined the slow procession into the auditorium where, beneath the chandeliers, the seats were already patchily filling. Slung high on invisible wires in the vastness hovered the tiny microphone that would carry his music far outside this concert hall, away into homes throughout the country, into numerous little rooms where people would sit quietly in armchairs by the fireside, listening. The steep dais, which the orchestra had not yet occupied, with its familiar pattern of music stands and the gleaming black grace of the piano, seemed to her like an uncut book, ready for reading.

She bought a programme, fumbling in her purse for the money, and lovingly fingered his name. It was she who had persuaded him to adopt it, her own maiden name.

And this was the great night. Everything else she would put out of her mind, even Nicholas's cruelty. This was the moment for which she had longed for twenty years. Though his name was on the programme, it was not his night, but hers.

Once she had thought to be a concert pianist herself, but the world had denied it her. She might have done it. She had some talent, and certainly she never shrank from work. Work and duty, that was her life. As a small girl with pigtails she had slogged four hours a day at the cracked piano in the parlour of her suburban home—the parlour with the woolly rug in front of the gas fire (never lit), the red curtains, the steel engravings from Millais and the small white bust of Beethoven on the fretted mantelshelf.

And then, with adolescence, she weakened. For along came Fred Pattison with his joking ways and his smart-cut clothes and his thin figure, fascinating in his gaiety.

Such a comic was Fred, everybody said so; full of life and jollity—such a man of the world. Fred was a travelling salesman: stockings he sold, and girdles and brassières and drapers' sundries. Fred was going to crack the world right open.

It was the age of wireless sets with earphones that tinkled little jazz tunes, of short skirts and low waists. Charlotte's hair was bobbed, with a fringe across her forehead. She married him, of course.

As Fred travelled the south coast, they took a little house in a seaside town, a holiday pleasure town, and they had some happiness — she acknowledged that. The weekends were jolly when Fred was home. She

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T. S. Eliot, box office poet

by IAN BEVAN

Thirty years of crying in the wilderness brought him only the praise of the few. Now his play is earning a fortune. Has the world caught up?

Eliot (centre) talks over *The Cocktail Party* with Margaret Leighton, Martin Brown, Rex Harrison, Ian Hunter

SOME YEARS AGO, Thomas Stearns Eliot sat for hours beating a toy drum—in the hope that this would help him to work out rhythms for his poetry. The result of the drumming was a fragmentary, and unperformable, drama called *Sweeney Agonistes*. He decided that the drum had caused him to write poetry which could not be spoken as fast as he wanted, so he put it away and has not beaten it since. But with the play-writing he has persevered — and success is here.

T. S. Eliot has been many things in his life—bank clerk, university lecturer, book publisher, poet and churchwarden among them — but even he is surprised to find himself, at the age of sixty-one, rivalling Noel Coward as an author of popular drawing-room comedies.

£1,000-a-Week Play

His new play, *The Cocktail Party*, which opens in London this week, is already firmly established on Broadway as one of the biggest hits of the season and is making him around $1,600 a week. If the English production—with four film stars in the cast—is also a hit, he will be drawing the best part of £1,000 a week from this play alone for the rest of the year. In addition, he has a steady job as a partner and director of one of London's best known publishing firms, has fourteen of his own books currently in print earning royalties, and is booked for an American lecture engagement this autumn.

Success is nothing new to Eliot. He has had all the critical acclaim a writer could wish for since his famous poem *The Waste Land* was first published in 1922. He has been fairly generally recognized as "the most distinguished poet of our time, and the founder of a new school of English poetry." He has been showered with honours by the leading universities of the world; he has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature; and in 1948 the King made him one of the select twenty-four holders of the Order of Merit.

These are tributes which any writer would envy, but the sudden, unexpected success of his play at the box office is, in some ways, the most satisfying of them all. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will take a great part of the money, but nobody can take from him the knowledge that he has at last wooed and won the most seductive of literary mistresses—the theatre. Eliot, who has long been regarded as an esoteric writer fit only for a select group of high-browed initiates, has shown that he can say important things in a way which appeals to a great many people.

Honour For The Prophet

No prophet enjoys crying in the wilderness indefinitely. This play has brought its author out of the wilderness into a world as noisy and as crowded as the average cocktail party itself. So, when he hears himself compared with Coward and Terence Rattigan, he smiles benignly and says, "That's very flattering."

Born in St. Louis, U.S.A., Eliot came to England as a student in his early twenties, married an English girl, and has lived here ever since. He took British nationality in 1927, the first great American writer to do so since Henry James. More recently, Eliot's literary disciple, W. H. Auden, paid back the debt to American literature by taking United States citizenship.

In England he became a member of the lively literary set which centred around the American poet Ezra Pound and included such figures as Wyndham Lewis and James Joyce. Pound gave Eliot his first important encouragement, edited his early poems, and arranged to have them published. A few years ago, when Pound was indicted for treason in the U.S.A. and committed to a lunatic asylum, Eliot was one of the few who stood by him.

Even a poet must live, and Pound's patronage could not provide food and shelter for Eliot and his wife. His first active attempt to earn money was as a schoolteacher—a profession which seemed to offer the chance of uninterrupted months for writing poetry during the long holidays. But he found the nervous strain of teaching left him too tired to write. He quit the school for a job with Lloyds Bank, where he worked for eight years. *The Waste Land*, which shook the literary world by its ears, was written while he was employed in the foreign department of the bank—a post he had been given because of his ability to speak fairly fluent French and some German.

"Poetry didn't help me much in the bank," he recalled the other day, "but being in the bank helped me to write poetry. I didn't have to think at night of my work during the day and, mentally, I was able to lead two lives." The atmosphere of banking often crept into his poetry, and his work of this period has references to "a five per cent Exchequer Bond," "c.i.f. London: documents at sight," and even to "luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel," which was near the bank's head office.

Publisher Takes Over

The Waste Land not only established him as a poet, but produced the first evidence of his commercial acumen as a publisher. The poem originally appeared in small-circulation literary magazines in England and America, without explanatory notes, and was later published in booklet form with Eliot's own quite lengthy notes, including one which explained that "c.i.f. London" meant "the currants were quoted at a price 'carriage and insurance free to London'; and the bill of lading, etc., were to be handed to the buyer upon payment of the sight draft." Eliot is now prepared to confess that he wrote the notes to make the poem long enough for separate publication. He has never added notes to any other of his works, and sees no reason why anyone should have to understand every reference in a poem. "A poem that needs notes should be rewritten," he says.

His acute publishing sense, which finds frequent expression in writing "blurbs" for the dust-jackets of his firm's books, has enabled him to make reasonably good sellers of a number of admittedly highbrow modern poets in the Auden class, and his own poetry sales rank close to those of the far less abstruse Walter de la Mare. He is not beyond thinking of poetry in terms of sales, and, explaining his own restricted output, says: "Saturation point for poetry is low. A little goes a long way. If you write too much, the public wants less of everything." His most recent poems, *Four Quartets*, were begun in 1936 and finished in 1942, since when he has written only lectures, some essays, and *The Cocktail Party*.

The play was started in the spring of 1948, and was finished in time — but only just—for its first performance at the Edinburgh Festival in August, 1949. It is still being revised, and four weeks before the London opening the author made several changes in the last act.

Eliot's earliest efforts both at writing

and publishing were made at the age of seven, when he started a magazine called *Fireside*, written in pencil on pages torn from an exercise book, and circulated among members of his family. He also wrote *George Washington—a life*, which read, in full: "George Washington was born in a plantation. He wanted to go to sea but his mamma didn't want him to, so he took to the army. First he killed French and Indians and then British. He freed his country and was president. When J. Adams was president he was an admiral or something like. And then he died, of course. He was never said to say a lie. He died at Mt. Vernon."

Storm Rages Over Him

For the next thirty years he continued to write mainly for a limited and private circulation, but when his first collected edition of poems was published in 1926 he quickly became a public figure. The appearance of the book, in the words of one critic, "outrivalled the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 for the amount of controversy it roused. Here was the death-blow of romanticism, the truth about modern life, the father-to-be of all the university verse of the next ten years."

A modern in style, he is also a modern in method, and seldom writes with pen and ink. Most of his letters and all his manuscripts are typed—speedily, but with only six fingers. When he's writing poetry, his typewriter is on a high drawing table so that he can use it standing up. He likes to walk round the room reciting each new line to himself as he thinks of it, and the high table saves him from constantly sitting down.

Eliot's wide learning and knowledge of foreign languages were acquired during a haphazard university education which he planned for himself in three nations with the idea of winding up as a teacher of philosophy. First he went to Harvard, where he took two degrees, then to the Sorbonne in Paris, and later to Merton College at Oxford. At some stage of his European wanderings, he decided he would rather write poetry than teach philosophy, and would prefer to do his writing in England. His love of England soon became more intense than that of most Englishmen, and his knowledge of London is certainly more encyclopaedic than that of the average Londoner.

His poetry is full of descriptive passages about London, and many of his most obscure metaphors and similes are related to the city. In *Burnt Norton*, one of his most difficult recent poems, there is a long section which might confuse anyone unless they have travelled on the London underground. "Here is a place of disaffection," he writes, and notes "the strained time-ridden faces" of the passengers, "distracted from distraction by distraction, filled with fancies and empty of meaning." This section has the magnificent description of the rush of air which precedes the arrival of a train in the tube, and follows its departure. He calls it "the cold wind that blows before and after time."

Escape To Religion

Eliot is not an easily quotable poet, and his verses will certainly never end up on desk calendars or in Christmas crackers, although his work is by no means all as obscure or as difficult as is generally believed. His best known, and most widely quoted, lines are from *The Hollow Men*:

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

The mood of disillusioned bitterness summed up in these lines was typical of Eliot in the twenties, and earned him honorary ranking as spokesman for the war-weary younger intellectuals, but he himself found refuge from bitterness in religion. His youthful poems included several savage attacks on the Church, but in middle age he became a devout member of the Church of England and is now a regular worshipper at St. Stephen's, Kensington.

Eliot once described himself as "an Anglo-Catholic in religion, a classicist in literature, and a royalist in politics." The American critic, Carl Sandburg, called him "an anti-democrat, a medievalist, a royalist, and so close to a Fascist that, to use a truck-driver's phrase, 'I'm off him.'" Neither description sums up this soberly dressed, hard-working man of considerable learning (which he calls "unsystematic"), keen business ability, great enthusiasm, tremendous kindness to young writers, and intense religious feeling.

Surprised By Success

His religious writings brought him an invitation from the "Friends of Canterbury Cathedral" to write a verse play for their 1935 festival. *Murder in the Cathedral*, a play based on a martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, was written and produced, and Eliot says, "I never expected it to turn up again." To his frank astonishment it was a modest commercial success in London and New York and confirmed Eliot in the vague ambitions he had to write for the theatre. He started on a second play—this time in a modern setting—called *The Family Reunion*.

Eliot has since explained at some length why he switched from historical to modern settings for his verse plays. "If poetic drama is to establish itself again, after 300 years," he said, "it has got to show that it can deal with what appears to be the most refractory material: a plot of contemporary people, such as the men and women we know, in the usual clothes that they wear today, in the same perplexities, conflicts and misunderstandings that we and our acquaintances get involved in."

Such is the type of plot and treatment he has chosen for *The Cocktail Party*, which is so much in the style of modern drawing-room comedy that, as one New York critic put it, "This is the kind of thing Noel Coward might have turned out if that fashionable elf had enjoyed the benefits of a classical education and some decent intellectual companionship."

The play is concerned with the problems of marriage and, when the erring wife is advised by a psychiatrist to go back to her husband with whom she has much in common, she replies: "It seems to me that what we have in common might be just enough to make us loathe one another." The dialogue is liberally sprinkled with this sophisticated back-chat, and Eliot even makes a joke about his own style of verse.

"Do you mind if I quote poetry?" one character asks another.

"Oh no, I should love to hear you speaking poetry," she replies—consciously ignoring the fact that she and every other character have been speaking Eliot's own brand of poetry for some two and a half hours.

"Cleverest Of The Clever"

The ability to laugh at himself is not the least of Eliot's virtues, and has always prevented his developing any of the elaborate eccentricities in dress or manner which characterize so many other people in his stamping grounds of Bloomsbury and Chelsea. His clothes are notoriously conservative, and his manner still — after twenty-five years of literary eminence—soft and shy. He hates big parties and has always resisted being lionized, but a hostess once persuaded him to be among "the ten cleverest men in London" whom she had invited to meet the "ten most beautiful women."

The supper table at this party was decorated with crackers. After supper, Lady Diana Cooper collected the riddles from the crackers, then conducted a contest among the men to see who could answer them quickest and be adjudged the cleverest of the clever. Aldous Huxley indignantly refused to answer childish conundrums, and the contest developed into a closely fought battle between Eliot and the late Lord Keynes. Keynes was handicapped by a slight stutter, and Eliot won by a narrow margin.

Eliot particularly abhors cocktail parties, which he finds extremely fatiguing, and he also dislikes cocktails. His own favourite drink is gin, because, as he says, "it is fit to be drunk only after six o'clock, but before dinner, which is the right time for a drink."

Firecrackers And Films

Nowadays Eliot is generally too busy to accept even an invitation to a drink between six o'clock and dinner. A widower, he shares a flat in Chelsea with an old friend from university days. His friends know him as Tom, his business associates as "Old Possum" (a reference to his habit of lying low and saying nothing at office conferences), and his literary disciples as "the Archbishop of Russell Square" (where, in his book-littered, third-floor office he interviews and encourages as many of them as he possibly can). He still indulges in his love of practical jokes, although, as he says, explosive jokes have lost much of their humour since the war, and it is a good fifteen years since he interrupted a board meeting with firecrackers.

He is full of plans for the future and is eagerly co-operating with the independent producer who is filming *Murder in the Cathedral* in an old church turned into a film studio at St. John's Wood. But, as yet, he has not begun to think of another play. Eliot believes a writer must work carefully, with plenty of time for thought. "The important thing for a poet," he once said, "is to publish as little as possible." THE END

To literary disciples, Eliot is "the Archbishop of Russell Square." But they can always count on his help

Alexander Reid, famous for his steel structures, stands near Chelsea Bridge. His firm built this one, too

Our bridges span the world

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Islands to be linked, mighty rivers to be crossed—in England or Iraq, it's a job for British engineers. Men like Alexander Reid have been world bridge builders for more than a century

BUMPING ALONG FROM Stockton to Darlington behind his *Rocket* engine, George Stephenson had little time to dream. Far from his mind were such exotic places as the Zambesi, the Tigris and the Nile. Yet, thanks to Stephenson and the introduction of railways into England, British engineers have been, and still are, familiar figures wherever the world's great rivers flow. Railways and rivers both need bridges, and since the 1830s Britons have been bridge builders to the world.

Stephenson and his son Robert had to build bridges for trains. Horses and wagons could ford streams and climb winding roads through hill and valley. Railway trains cannot cross the smallest creek without a bridge. The railway pioneers introduced iron bridges for their iron horses.

The iron bridges built in Britain between 1830 and 1850 were the greatest advance in bridge building since Horatius held the bridge against the Etruscans. (It was a wooden structure across the Tiber.) Britain's ironmasters and engineers took the lead in modern bridge building more than a century ago. They still retain that leadership.

British engineers have recently completed the £550,000 Kafr El Zayat Bridge over the Nile. They have just finished two smaller structures almost in the shadow of Mount Ararat for the Turks. Across the Tagus, near Lisbon, the piers of the £1,200,000 Vila Franca Bridge are almost ready for the British steel spans. In Baghdad, plans are being made for the opening this year of a new £1,000,000 railway bridge across the Tigris.

In Bangkok, the Siamese are waiting for work to start on an £800,000 contract for the reconstruction of three bridges. Japanese, French and American firms all bid for this job. The British got the contract.

Farther afield, New Zealand is considering one of the greatest postwar bridge projects, a link over Auckland Harbour, which may cost upwards of £3,000,000. This venture is still in the planning stages—far-sighted New Zealanders see it necessary to build Auckland into a city of 600,000 by the year 2,000—but when the contract is awarded, it is a safe bet that it will be to a British firm. Auckland has been looking with envy at the vast Sydney Harbour Bridge, an engineering triumph which, like the cantilever spans over the Firth of Forth, stands as an impressive advertisement for Britain's engineers and steelmakers.

Some time before the war, the Sheikh of Bahrain had his first look at the sixty-year-old Forth Bridge. The Sheikh, a shrewd and scholarly Arab nobleman from the Persian Gulf, was a guest of the British Government. He visited battleships, watched army manoeuvres and saw the R.A.F. in action. But nothing impressed him so much as the bridge across the Firth of Forth. "The Sheikh decided then and there he wanted a bridge of his own," says the man who eventually built it for him. "Naturally, he asked a British firm to do the job."

The engineer who went to Bahrain to build the Sheikh a bridge was Alexander Edward Reid, a sturdy Scot, who, for the past twenty-five years, has been building steel structures from the Nile to the Yangtse. Eastern suns have reddened his cheerful features but all the years in far-off places have not taken the edge from the burr of his native Kirriemuir. When Reid and his men complete a job they leave behind two trade marks—a sound and efficient bridge and a notable tendency on the part of the natives to pronounce what few words of English they know with a broad Scots accent.

A Job For The Sheikh

Reid, who also speaks Arabic with a strong Scottish flavour, got to know and admire the Sheikh of Bahrain. The Sheikh's principality consists of two islands, and he commissioned the London firm of Holloway Brothers to connect them. Reid, who is now Holloway Brothers' representative in Baghdad, was in charge of the work.

The war delayed completion of the Bahrain bridge until 1941. The first batch of steelwork for the approaches was torpedoed in the Atlantic on the way from England. A second lot was fabricated and reached Bahrain safely. Reid's worries actually began with the finish of the bridge. The Sheikh scheduled an official opening and put the engineer down for a speech.

"It was a real Arab feast," Reid says. "They roasted whole sheep and served all sorts of local delicacies. There was no champagne because the Sheikh, as a good Mohammedan, does not drink. But there was plenty to eat, and the Sheikh made a special distribution of gifts of food to the poor. All the notables of the district were present and the celebration was interspersed with speech-making." Reid began his talk in Arabic with the customary flowery greeting, changed into English and ended up with the traditional Arabic, "On your head be peace." The bridge was officially opened and, in addition to linking Bahrain's two islands, formed another bond between the Sheikh and Britain.

Bridge-opening ceremonies frequently seem to cause the engineers more worry than putting up the spans. In the case of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, a man on horseback made an unscheduled appearance and broke the ribbon before the local dignitaries could go through the well-planned christening function. Despite this incident, the bridge has survived to carry well over 750,000,000 people—or more than one hundred times the population of Australia.

Biggest Arch Ever

The £5,000,000 Sydney Bridge has the biggest arch in the world, twenty-five feet shorter than an American rival, but broader and built to stand a heavier load. Its 160-foot width accommodates four railway lines, a six-lane roadway and two ten-foot wide footways. Dorman, Long & Co., Ltd., who carried out the Sydney contract, were faced with such problems as getting the

steelwork from Middlesbrough to the site which is nearly opposite it on the globe. Fifty-one thousand tons of steel were fabricated for the job. The contractors even provided ships to carry stone from Australian quarries to Sydney and had to arrange for whole colonies of Scottish and Italian stonemasons to take up residence in the dominion.

The Sydney Harbour Bridge, and the experience which went into its construction, have had their influence on newer bridges in other parts of the world. In Africa, the elegant, light structure of the Birchenough Bridge is of the same type as at Sydney. The Birchenough is on a curve of the Sabi River, where it cuts off the eastern part of Rhodesia from the remainder of the province. The bed of the Sabi River does not offer reliable support for piers, which would be necessary for a bridge of several spans. The Birchenough, with its single span, is almost delicate in appearance and its strength lies in the steel used in it. This structural steel, developed in Britain, is fifty per cent stronger than mild steel and twenty per cent stronger than that used at Sydney.

Building bridges in Rhodesia introduced the complication of getting the steel and other raw materials to the site. The constructional engineers who built the Birchenough had to ship supplies 7,000 miles from England to Beira in Portuguese East Africa—then another 200 miles by rail and eighty by road.

Swept Away By Sudd

African rivers also have a tendency to swell from small streams in the dry season to floods in the wet period. Vegetation that starts to grow in the river bed, when it is dry, is swept downstream when the river goes on rampage. This floating vegetation, called sudd, was responsible for the destruction of the Chiromo Bridge in Nyasaland. Bombarded by sudd, it gave way in March, 1948, and was found three-quarters of a mile down river.

The catastrophe cut the inland colony's rail communications with the coast. British engineers and steelmakers had to work fast to replace it. A new structure was actually built at Darlington, some thousands of miles removed from the scene of the African disaster. The new bridge was dismantled and shipped to Beira and then on to the site over the Shire River. It was re-erected and opened last year.

Longest Rail Bridge

Nyasaland is also proud of, and dependent on, another British bridge, the Lower Zambesi, both ends of which are in Portuguese territory. This is the longest railway bridge in the world, just over two and a quarter miles in length. It was erected by the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company. The completion of this structure meant the end to transhipment of goods in barges across the Zambesi and opened up export of low-priced bulk crops from Nyasaland.

Heat is another factor affecting bridge builders in Africa, and it is common to Iraq, where Reid is currently engaged in taming the Tigris. The climate has caused him to adopt the un-Scottish habit of downing a glass of salt water each morning. Salt, in the form of brine or in tablets, reduces heat fatigue and helps prevent heat stroke.

Baghdad, where Reid's employers are building a grain silo, a railway station and a railway bridge, is one of those places where the temperature reaches 155 degrees Fahrenheit on a midsummer day and sinks to ten or fifteen degrees of frost in winter. Under such conditions, steel tends to expand and contract to a considerable extent, and when building a bridge the engineers calculate that, for every thousand feet of length, ten inches of expansion may occur in this 140 degree range of temperature.

Dust storms are another complication. "When the crane driver can't see the top of his crane jib," Reid says, "there's nothing for it but to stop work. The dust blinds the men and it gets into everything." The winds that blow the dust fortunately do not reach gale proportions. They are seldom more than forty miles an hour, and it is unusual for the wind to reach half the strength of what is considered to be a gale in this country.

Gales were blowing at an eighty-mile-an-hour clip when the Tay Bridge collapsed in 1879. This disaster, which involved the loss of a train, crew and passengers, was one of the worst in the history of bridge building and was only exceeded in drama by the destruction in 1940 of the American-built Narrows Bridge at Tacoma, Washington. "Galloping Gertie," the Tacoma Bridge, shook herself into complete collapse just four months after she was opened. A gale started the bridge oscillating and the main span broke up, ripping loose from cables and crashing into the water.

Wind Tunnel Check

British engineers have taken a tip from the aeroplane designers, and they now meet the problem of windstorms by submitting models of new bridges to wind tunnel tests. Just as the wind tunnel shows up weaknesses in aeroplane design, it also checks the strength of bridges. A fifty-foot model of the new Severn Bridge is getting this treatment. The Aeronautics Department of the Imperial College of Science tested the span of the Birchenough Bridge. Models of the whole arch and half arch, on a scale of 1:192, were submitted to blasts of air from different angles to determine the strength of the design.

While wind does not menace Iraq's new bridges, it can complicate matters for the builders. A combination of wind and river behaviour can upset the nice calculations British engineers have made in such instances where they float a 500-ton span and lower it into its permanent position on two piers. This feat was achieved on the Tigris so that the span came to rest, accurately placed to within one-sixteenth of an inch.

Some of the earliest bridges known to history were built in what is now Iraq; but neither the Tigris nor the Euphrates has shown much respect for bridge builders. Nimrod, the mighty hunter who ruled over Babel, bridged the Euphrates at Babylon in 2,200 B.C. with a structure 660 feet long and thirty-five feet wide. Today's engineers have little more knowledge than Nimrod of how the rivers are going to behave.

"It's not like working with the Thames, where you have accurate predictions of tides and you can forecast the height of the river," says Reid.

"The Tigris is so unpredictable that from October until May you never know what it is going to be like. I've known it to rise eight feet in one day."

Holloway Brothers are now putting the finishing touches to the new £1,000,000 railway bridge at Baghdad and expect to see it in use this summer. The new bridge is being built in conformity to local custom. This gives Reid and the workers holidays on such occasions as the Prophet's Birthday and the anniversary of Mohammed's Flight to Medina. In addition to Mohammedan feasts, Reid also observes

Railway bridge across the Tigris: a

Taken for granted: Hampton Court Bridge across the Thames, London, during a summer heatwave

A big event: King Ghazi Bridge across the Tigris.

million pound triumph of British steel and engineering. When it is opened this year, wagons will no longer have to be ferried across the river

Christmas, Boxing Day and Good Friday, which adds up to a total of some twelve official holidays. "We make up for it," he says, "by not taking Saturday afternoon off."

Reid, who has spent most of the last thirteen years in the Middle East, is well versed in local traditions. When, three years ago, he built himself a new house in Baghdad, he was not surprised when his house servant refused to let anyone enter the new home until a sheep had been slaughtered on the doorstep. "When I bought a new car," Reid says, "our man insisted on killing a chicken in front of it. He then smeared the blood on the wings and bonnet. It's supposed to bring good luck, but I can tell you the washing off took a lot longer than the putting on."

Sheep blood has also been spilled over the new railway bridge and the King Feisal and Ghazi bridges which Reid and his employers erected over the Tigris. "If the workers have a particularly difficult job to do and it is going to take them some time," Reid explains, "we usually give them a couple of sheep and a few bags of rice when they finish. The sheep are killed and some of the blood smeared on the job. Then they are roasted whole and served with rice."

After the opening on July 15, 1939

Started Training Schools

When Holloway Brothers started to build bridges in Iraq, some time before the war, they discovered there was no skilled or semi-skilled labour. They started schools to train men in steel erection and for the dangerous and difficult task of sinking caissons. Today Reid claims he has a crew of Kurdish steel erectors—"my Kurdi"—whom he could bring to England and "knock spots off any other team."

Reid's Kurds are led by Mahmoud Karim, a wiry man of middle height, who is no relation to the squash champion Mahmoud El Karim, of Egypt. Mahmoud and his fellow Kurds come from hill country and seem to be tougher than the ordinary Arab. The Kurds have the stamina needed for steel erection or for labouring in compressed air while sinking the caissons. Strangely enough, the Kurds are no good at all when it comes to carpentry. In this field, they cannot compete with the Arabs. Both Kurd and Arab, however, share one attribute. They look to their employer for guidance both on and off the job.

"In Iraq," Reid says, "the bonds between employer and men, after the initial uncertainty is overcome, are almost patriarchal. The workers feel they have the right of access to the boss and they bring him all their problems." Reid has learned not to be surprised by any of his men's questions. He is not infrequently called on to advise his men on domestic problems and even counsel them on such tricky and personal subjects as whether to divorce their wives.

In return, the Iraqi give a loyalty which helps Reid get bridges finished well within schedule. These have included wartime jobs for the Army as well as the King Feisal and Ghazi bridges. Contracts for the last two were awarded Holloway Brothers in open competition with other British firms, three German companies and a Czech-Danish-Swedish combine.

Iraq, which came out of the war with some financial benefits, and which has a steady income from oil royalties, is now one of the most communications - conscious nations. But one of the bridges Reid has built in Iraq has more religious than economic significance. This is a railway bridge over the Euphrates near the Hindayah Barrage. It was built to facilitate pilgrim traffic to the Moslem holy city of Karbala.

Karbala, sixty miles southwest of Baghdad, is third only to Mecca and Najaf as a holy city and only Moslems may reside in the town. One of Mohammed's descendants is buried at Karbala and the belief exists that burial there is a certain method of getting to Paradise. "There's a constant traffic of corpses to Karbala," Reid says. "Some come from as far away as India or Pakistan. The bridge we built will be of great assistance to pilgrims, both alive and dead."

Skulls Put In For Luck

The bridge on the way to Karbala reverses an ancient tradition which called for human lives to be sacrificed each time a bridge was built. The Roman structure defended by Horatius, the Pons Sublius, was dedicated in this way to appease the river gods. As recently as fifty years ago, British engineers working in India encountered the same gruesome superstition. It was the custom in India to insert a few human skulls into the foundation work, a practice that usually went on without the knowledge of the engineers.

Skulls built in the piers were sometimes considered especially vital in the case of steel structures. For some reason, steel was considered to be more offensive to the deities than wood or stone. Local workmen also had to be convinced that bridge building would not incur the wrath of the gods.

Superstition still does linger among the men who do the steel erection, and in many countries if a man is killed, all work stops for the day. Caisson workers, the men who toil in compressed air chambers to sink bridge foundations, usually object to the presence of women in the vicinity of the air locks. Like stage stars, who consider it a bad omen in their dressing-rooms, caisson workers frown on whistling in the air chambers.

Such superstitions have had no noticeable effect on the growth of British bridges all over the world. On the other hand, Egypt's cholera epidemic did delay work on the recently completed Kafr El Zayat railway bridge.

Working Eighty Feet Down

Engineers had to race against time to get caissons sunk for this structure because work in the river bed is possible only during the low-water period from December to early August. Some of these caissons were sunk under compressed air to a depth of eighty-five feet below low-water level. Granite-faced concrete piers were then built on the caisson foundations.

Next year will see the completion of the Vila Franca Bridge over the Tagus near Lisbon. This contract was split between three nations, Portugal, Denmark and Britain. British engineers and construction experts will erect the British steel superstructure. Still more British steel will be going to Siam, where British firms are to reconstruct three war-destroyed bridges. This contract was captured for Britain in competition with American, French and Japanese bridge builders.

The Siamese project is an indirect outcome of the Burmese campaign. Allied bombers effectively eliminated the three bridges during attacks on Japanese communications. British engineers have recently returned after surveying the problem of removing the tangled steel wreckage before going ahead with the new structures.

Other new designs are still secret, locked away in the offices of the British engineers who planned bridges for almost every part of the world. These are for contracts which will send British steel across oceans, through jungles and into the desert. "Wherever there's work to do," Reid says, "you can be much happier than you can be in London." With a quarter of a century spent on bridges in Egypt, China, Siam and Iraq, he's never burned a bridge behind him. THE END

A man called *HORSE*

by

DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSWIGG

It wasn't till he was taken by Indians that he knew what he wanted—to be a man. But first he had to be a horse

On the third day, th

HE WAS A YOUNG MAN OF good family, as the phrase went in the New England of a hundred-odd years ago, and the reasons for his bitter discontent were unclear, even to himself. He grew up in the gracious old Boston home under his grandmother's care, for his mother had died in giving him birth; and all his life he had known every comfort and privilege his father's wealth could provide.

But still there was the discontent, which puzzled him because he could not even define it. He wanted to live among his equals—people who were no better than he and no worse either. That was as close as he could come to describing the source of his unhappiness in Boston and his restless desire to go somewhere else.

In the year 1845 he left home and went out West, far beyond the country's creeping frontier, where he hoped to find his equals. He had the idea that in Indian country, where there was danger, all white men were kings, and he wanted to be one of them. But he found, in the West as in Boston, that the men he respected were still his superiors, even if they could not read, and those he did not respect weren't worth talking to.

He did have money, however, and he could hire the men he respected. He hired four of them, to cook and hunt and guide and be his companions, but he found them not friendly.

They were apart from him and he was still alone. He still brooded about his status in the world, longing for his equals.

On a day in June he learned what it was to have no status at all. He became a captive of a small raiding party of Crow Indians.

He heard gunfire and the brief shouts of his companions around the bend of the creek just before they died, but he never saw their bodies. He had no chance to fight because he was naked and unarmed. He had been bathing in the creek, when a Crow warrior seized and held him.

His captor let him go at last, let him run. Then the lot of them rode him down for sport, striking him with their coup sticks. They carried the dripping scalps of his companions, and one had skinned off Baptiste's black beard as well, for a trophy.

They took him along in a matter-of-fact way, as they took the captured horses. He was unshod and naked as the horses were, and like them he had a rawhide thong around his neck. So long as he didn't fall down the Crows ignored him.

On the second day, they gave him his breeches. His feet were too swollen for his boots, but one of the Indians threw him a pair of moccasins that had belonged to the halfbreed, Henri, who was dead back at the creek. The captive wore the moccasins gratefully. The third day, they let him ride one of the spare horses so the party could move faster, and on that day they came in sight of their camp.

He thought of trying to escape, hoping he might be killed in flight rather than by slow torture in the camp, but he never had a chance to try. They were more familiar with escape than he was and, knowing what to expect, they forestalled it.

BEFORE riding into camp they stopped and dressed in their regalia, and in parts of their victims' clothing; they painted their faces black. Then, leading the white man by the rawhide around his neck as though he were a horse, they rode down towards the tepee circle, shouting and singing, brandishing their weapons. He was unconscious when they got there; he fell and was dragged.

He lay dazed and battered near a tepee while the noisy, busy life of the camp swarmed around him and Indians came to stare. Thirst consumed him, and when it rained he lapped rain water from the ground like a dog. A scrawny, shrieking, eternally busy old woman with ragged, greying hair threw a chunk of meat on the grass, and he fought the dogs for it.

When his head cleared he was angry, although anger was an emotion he knew he could not afford.

It was better when I was a horse, he thought—when they led me by the rawhide around my neck. I won't be a dog, no matter what!

The hag gave him stinking, rancid grease and let him figure out what it was for. He applied it gingerly to his bruised and sun-seared body.

Now, he thought, I smell like the rest of them.

While he was healing he considered coldly the advantages of being a horse. A man would be humiliated, and sooner or later he would strike back and that would be the end of him. But a horse had only to be docile. Very well, he would learn to do without pride.

He understood that he was the property of the screaming old woman, a fine gift from her son, one that she liked to show off. She did more yelling at him than anyone else, probably to impress the neighbours so they would not forget what a great and generous man her son was. She was bossy and proud, a dreadful bag of skin and bones, and she was a devilish hard worker.

The white man, who now thought of himself as a horse, forgot sometimes to worry about his danger. He kept making mental notes of things to tell his own people in Boston about this hideous adventure. He would go back a hero, and he would say: "Grandmother, let me fetch your shawl. I've been accustomed to doing little errands for another lady about your age."

Two girls lived in the tepee with the old hag and her warrior son. One of them, the white man concluded, was his captor's wife and the other was his little sister. The daughter-in-law was smug and spoiled. Being beloved, she did not have to be useful. The younger girl had

y sighted camp and rode in, shouting, singing, brandishing weapons. The white man, raw and battered, was dragged along by the rawhide round his neck

bright, wandering eyes. Often enough they wandered to the white man who was pretending to be a horse.

The two girls worked when the old woman put them at it, but they were always running off to do something they enjoyed more. There were games and noisy contests, and there was much laughter. But not for the white man. He was finding out what loneliness could be.

THAT was a rich summer on the plains, with plenty of buffalo for meat and clothing and the making of tepees. The Crows were wealthy in horses, prosperous and contented. If their men had not been so avid for glory, the white man thought, there would have been a lot more of them. But they went out of their way to court death, and when one of them met it the whole camp cried to their god for vengeance.

The captive was a horse all summer, a docile bearer of burdens, careful and patient. He kept reminding himself that he had to be better-natured than other horses, because he could not lash out with hooves or teeth. Helping the old woman load up the horses for travel, he yanked at a pack and said: "Whoa, brother. It goes easier when you don't fight."

Humbly he fetched and carried. Sometimes he even offered to help, but he had not the skill for the endless work of the woman, and he was not trusted to hunt with the men, the providers.

When the camp moved he carried a pack, trudging with the women. Even the dogs worked then, pulling small burdens on skids.

The Indian who captured him lived like a lord, as he had a right to do. He hunted with his peers, attended long ceremonial meetings with much chanting and dancing, and lounged in the shade with his smug bride. He had only two responsibilities: to kill buffalo and to gain glory. The white man was so far beneath him that the Indian did not even think of envy.

One day several things happened that made the captive think he might some time become a man again. That was the day when he began to understand their language. For four months he had heard it, day and night, the joy and the mourning, the ritual chanting and the sung prayers, the squabbles and the deliberation. None of it meant anything to him at all.

But on that important day in early autumn the two young women set out for the river, and one of them called over her shoulder to the old woman. The white man was startled. She had said she was going to bathe. His understanding was so sudden that he felt as if his ears had come unstopped. Listening to the racket of the camp he heard fragments of meaning instead of gabble. On that same important day the old woman brought a pair of new moccasins out of the tepee and tossed them on the ground before him. He could not believe she would do anything for him because of kindness, but giving him moccasins was one way of looking after her property.

In thanking her he dared greatly. He picked a little handful of fading flowers and took them to her as she squatted in front of her tepee, scraping buffalo hide with a tool made from a piece of iron tied to a bone. Her hands were hideous—most of the fingers had the first joint missing. He bowed solemnly and offered the flowers.

She glared at him from beneath the short, ragged tangle of her hair. She stared at the flowers, knocked them out of his hand and went running to the next tepee, squalling the story. He heard her and the other women screaming with laughter.

The white man squared his shoulders and walked boldly over to watch three small boys shooting arrows at a target. He said in English: "Show me how to do that, will you?"

They frowned, but he held out his hand as if there could be no doubt. One of them gave him a bow and one arrow and they snickered when he missed. The people were easily amused, except when they were angry. They were amused at him playing with little boys. A few days later he asked the hag, with gestures, for a bow that her son had just discarded, a man-size bow of horn. He scavenged for old arrows.

When he could understand words he could identify his people by their names. The old woman was Greasy Hand, and her daughter was Pretty Calf. The other young woman's name was not clear to him, for the words were not in his vocabulary. The man who had captured him was Yellow Robe.

Once he could understand he could begin to talk a little, and then he was less lonely. Nobody had been able to see any reason for talking to him, since he would not understand anyway. He asked the old woman, "What is my name?" Until he knew it he was incomplete. She shrugged to let him know he had none.

He told her in the Crow language, "My name is Horse." He repeated it, and she nodded. After that they called him Horse when they called him anything.

SOON they trusted him enough to let him stray out of camp: he might have got away and, by unimaginable good luck, might have reached a trading post or a fort, but winter was too close. He did not dare leave without a horse; he needed clothing and a better hunting weapon than he had, and more certain skill in using it. He did not dare steal, for then they would surely have pursued him, and just as certainly caught him. He settled down for the winter.

On a cold night he crept into the tepee after the others had gone to bed. Even a horse might try to find shelter from the wind. The old woman grumbled, but without conviction. She did not put him out.

They tolerated him, back in the shadows, so long as he did not get in the way.

He began to understand how the family that

owned him differed from the others. Fate had been cruel to them. In a short, sharp argument among the old women one of them derided Greasy Hand by sneering, "You have no relatives!" and Greasy Hand raved for minutes of the deeds of her father and uncles and brothers. And she had had four sons, she reminded her detractor—who answered with scorn, "Where are they?"

Later the white man found her moaning and whimpering to herself, rocking back and forth on her haunches, staring at her mutilated hands. By that time he understood. A mourner often chopped off a finger joint. Old Greasy Hand had mourned often. For the first time he felt a twinge of pity, but he put it aside as another emotion, like anger, that he could not afford. He thought: What tales I will tell when I get home!

He could not trust the old woman. She fed him only because a starved slave would die and not be worth boasting about. Just how fitful her temper was he saw on the day when she got tired of stumbling over one of the hundred dogs that infested the camp. This was one of her own dogs, a large, strong one that pulled a baggage travois when the tribe moved camp.

Countless times he had seen her kick at the beast as it lay sleeping in front of the tepee, in her way. The dog always moved, with a yelp, but it always got in the way again. One day she gave the dog its usual kick and then stood scolding at it while the animal rolled its eyes sleepily. The old woman suddenly picked up her axe and cut the dog's head half off with one blow. Looking well satisfied with herself, she beckoned her slave to remove the body.

It could have been me, he thought, if I were a dog. But I'm a horse.

His hope of life lay with the girl, Pretty Calf. He set about courting her, realizing how desperately poor he was both in property and honour. He owned no horse, no weapon but the old bow and the battered arrows. He had nothing to give away, and he needed gifts, because he did not dare seduce the girl.

One of the customs of courtship involved sending a gift of horses to a girl's older brother and bestowing much buffalo meat upon her mother. The white man could not wait for some far-off time when he might have either horses or meat to give away. And his courtship had to be secret. It was not for him to stroll past the groups of watchful girls, blowing a flute made of an eagle's wing bone, as the flirtatious young bucks did.

He could not ride past Pretty Calf's tepee, painted and bedizened; he had no horse, no finery.

Back home, he remembered, I could marry just about any girl I'd want to. But he wasted little time thinking about that. A future was something to be earned.

The most he dared do was wink at Pretty Calf now and then, or state his admiration, while she giggled and hid her face. The least he dared do to win his bride was to elope with her, but he had to give her a horse to put the seal of tribal approval on that. And he had no horse until he killed a man to get one. . . .

His opportunity came in early spring. He was casually accepted by that time. He did not belong, but he was amusing to the Crows, like a strange pet, or they would not have fed him through the winter.

His chance came when he was hunting small game with three young boys who were his guards as well as his scornful companions. Rabbits and birds were of no account in a camp well fed on buffalo meat, but they made good targets.

His party walked far that day. All of them at once saw the two horses in a sheltered coulee. The boys and the man crawled forward on their bellies, and then they saw an Indian who lay on the ground, moaning, a lone traveller.

From the way the boys inched eagerly forward Horse knew the man was fair prey—a member of some enemy tribe.

This is the way the captive white man acquired wealth and honour to win a bride and save his life: he shot an arrow into the sick man, a split second ahead of one of his small companions, and dashed forward to strike the still-groaning man with his bow, to count first coup. Then he seized the hobbled horses.

By the time he had the horses secure, and with them his hope for freedom, the boys had followed, counting coup with gestures and shrieks they had practised since boyhood, and one of them had the scalp.

The white man was grimly amused to see the boy double up with sudden nausea when he had the thing in his hand. . . .

There was a hubbub in the camp when they rode in that evening, two of them on each horse. The captive was noticed. Indians who had ignored him as a slave stared at the brave man who had struck first coup and had stolen horses.

The hubbub lasted all night, as fathers boasted loudly of their young son's exploits. The white man was called upon to settle an argument between two fierce boys as to which of them had struck second coup and which must be satisfied with third. After much talk that went over his head, he solemnly pointed at the nearest boy. He didn't know which boy it was, and didn't care, but the boy did.

The white man had watched warriors in their triumph. He knew what to do. Modesty about achievement had no place among the Crow people. When a man did something big he told about it.

The white man smeared his face with grease and charcoal. He walked inside the tepee circle, chanting and singing. He used his own language.

"You heathens, you savages," he shouted. "I'm going to get out of here some day!"

The Crow people listened respectfully. In the Crow tongue he shouted, "Horse! I am Horse!" and they nodded.

He had a right to boast, and he had two horses. Before dawn the white man and his bride were sheltered beyond a far hill and he was telling her: "I love you, little lady. I love you."

She looked at him with her great dark eyes, and he thought she understood his English words—or as much as she needed to understand.

"You are my treasure," he said, "more precious than jewels, better than fine gold. I am going to call you Freedom."

When they returned to the camp two days later Old Greasy Hand raged—but not at him. She complained loudly that her daughter had let herself go too cheap. But the marriage was as good as any Crow marriage. He had paid a horse.

He learned the language faster after that from Pretty Calf, whom he sometimes called Freedom. He learned that his attentive, adoring bride was fourteen years old.

One thing he had not guessed was the difference that being Pretty Calf's husband would make in his relationship to her mother and brother. He had hoped only to make his position a little safer, but he had not expected to be treated with dignity.

Greasy Hand no longer spoke to him at all. When the white man spoke to her, his bride murmured in dismay, explaining at great length that he must never do that. There could be no conversation between a man and his mother-in-law. He could not even mention a word that was part of her name.

He was no more a horse but a kind of man, a half-Indian, still poor and unskilled but laden with honours, clinging to the buckskin fringes of Crow society.

Escape could wait until he could manage it in comfort, with fit clothing and a good horse, and with hunting weapons. Escape could wait until the camp moved near some trading post.

He did not plan how he would get home. He dreamed of being there all at once, and of telling stories nobody would believe. There was no hurry.

Pretty Calf delighted in educating him. He began to understand tribal arrangements, customs and why things were as they were. But he couldn't understand when his brother-in-law's wife was taken by another warrior.

YELLOW ROBE belonged to a society called the Big Dogs. The wife stealer, Cut Neck, belonged to the Foxes. They were fellow tribesmen; they hunted together and fought side by side, but men of one society could take away wives from the other society if they wished, subject to certain limitations.

When Cut Neck rode up to the tepee, laughing and singing, and called to Yellow Robe's wife, "Come out! Come out!" she did as ordered, looking smug as usual, meek and entirely willing.

"But why?" the white man demanded of his wife, his Freedom. "Why did our brother let his woman go? He sits and smokes and does not speak."

Pretty Calf was shocked at the suggestion. Her brother could not possibly reclaim his woman, she explained. He could not even let her come back if she wanted to—and she probably would want to when Cut Neck tired of her. Yellow Robe could not even admit that his heart was sick. That was the way things were. Deviation meant dishonour.

The woman could have hidden from Cut Neck, she said. She could even have refused to go with him if she had been *ba-wurokee*—a really virtuous woman. But she had been his woman before, for a little while on a berrying expedition, and he had a right to claim her.

There was no sense in it, the white man insisted. He glared at his young wife. "If you go, I will bring you back!" he promised.

She laughed and buried her head against his shoulder. "I will not have to go," she said. "Horse is my first man. There is no hole in my moccasin."

He stroked her hair and said, "*Ba-wurokee.*"

With great daring, she murmured, "*Hay-ha,*" and when he did not answer, because he did not know what she meant, she drew away, hurt.

"A woman calls her man that if

Continued on page 36

IN NEXT WEEK'S JOHN BULL . . .

HITLER'S BREAKTHROUGH IN THE WEST: Captain B. H. Liddell Hart gives the real reasons—and dispels many illusions—in his series, "Ten Years After." THE LIFE OF A DOCKER: a full background article by Dennis Holman about the men who are so often the storm-centre of controversy.

IN THE MAY 20 JOHN BULL . . .

FIRST INSTALMENT OF A GREAT NEW NOVEL BY NEVIL SHUTE: JOHN BULL has secured exclusive British serial rights of *A Town Like Alice*, latest novel of best-selling author Nevil Shute, selected as Book Society Choice for June. It is the brilliantly told story of an English girl, Jean Paget, and her Aussie sweetheart, first in the grim, Jap-occupied jungle, and later, making a new world for themselves in Australia.

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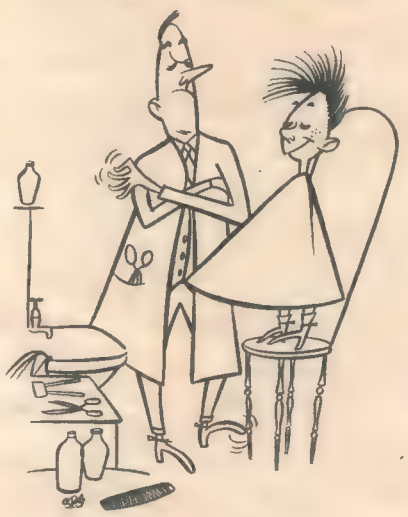

"Urchin cut, please!"

Eavesdropper on Nature

by JULIAN HOLLAND

Whether hidden in a pill-box or squatting in a ditch, Ludwig Koch and his microphone capture nature's elusive sounds—of baby seals at play or chaffinch song in fifteen dialects

A FEW YEARS AGO an Atlantic gale struck suddenly, buffeting a tiny island off the spray-fringed Pembroke coast. A yacht moored off the island was dashed on the rocks and crushed into matchwood, and a great slap of wind carried away a tarpaulin shelter as if it were a sheet of newspaper at a street corner. It uncovered a huddled figure in oil-skins, with headphones about his ears, crouching over recording apparatus.

Several hours later, a boat managed to put across to the island, the Welsh fishermen expecting to find the man they had come to rescue much the worse for exposure and exhaustion. They found him still crouching there in a scoop of the rocks, his lined face tensed from listening. "Be careful of these discs," he told them as they loaded his apparatus into the boat. "They are precious."

And back in his fifth-floor office in Broadcasting House, he played back the records with a smile of satisfaction. "Listen," he said to those standing round. "Some amusing conversation in the daily life of a seal family. That is the bull speaking, now the cries of the baby seals, and that's the mother telling them not to eat too much." The record stopped. He went on, "We had some inconvenient wind, but fortunately the mike was sheltered by the cliff."

Plan, Recce, Ambush

That is one of the stories they tell at the B.B.C. about Ludwig Koch, the strange, lean little German, with grey hair and sensitive face, who produces *Bird Song of the Month*, a programme that is pure radio. Birds speak in their native haunts against a background of natural sounds, and the mind skips from field to cliff, and wood to mud-bank.

A bittern is heard booming over the Norfolk marshes, and for listeners at the fireside it is suddenly and immediately the wind stirring gently the Norfolk reeds, a warbler hovering over the bulrushes, water lapping at the boat sides, a sensation of floating and a slightly fishy smell.

For Koch the recording of the call has meant weeks of planning, reconnaissance, preparation, and hours, days of patient waiting. Koch's intense, lined face slips into a smile. "Nowhere but in England," he says, "could I have done the work I have done here. Some world-shattering event happens and you are unmoved. But a strange bird appears on your lawn and you are all writing enthusiastic letters to the Press."

He tells the story of the two policemen who called to see him at his Ealing flat. He was in bed following an operation, and the officers were invited into his bedroom. One of them was holding a paper bag, from which he produced a young puffin, looking rather the worse for its adventure; it had been blown 400 miles off its migratory route and picked up on a road near Staines. Could Mr. Koch do anything for it?

"I gave it some of the cat's fish," Koch tells, "and it stayed with me until it was strong enough to fly. But where else in Europe would policemen rescue a lost puffin? Certainly not in Germany."

Koch speaks from experience; he was born in Germany, sixty-eight years ago. At the age of five he learned to play the violin. "But I gave it up," he says, "when I realized I could never play anything as sweet as the song of a blackbird."

He Started With Humans

For his eighth birthday, his father gave him one of the new Edison recording machines, and Ludwig Koch started his "autographs in sound," a collection which later contained the voices of many famous people, including that of Bismarck. When he was nine, he recorded his first bird-song, that of a caged bird, and from this he built up his reputation as the first man to make outdoor recordings of the calls of birds.

In January, 1936, Koch was lecturing in Switzerland when he decided he would not return to Germany; the decision cost him all his possessions, including 6,000 discs left behind in Berlin, the only collection of its kind in the world. But Koch's reputation as an ornithologist had gone before him into England. Soon after his arrival he was invited by the B.B.C.

First time on the air. To record "seal music," Ludwig Koch braved an Atlantic gale on the Pembroke rocks

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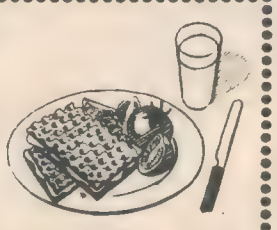

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to begin his life's work over again.

Fifty-nine years of eavesdropping on nature have developed in Koch two of the essential virtues of the birdwatcher—patience and absolute imperviousness to physical discomfort. A disappointment, and he merely shrugs his shoulders. "For five years now I have been after the stone curlew," he says. "Last year it seemed that I had it. Everything was ready, the bird was singing beautifully, when suddenly the recording gear broke down. But what is five years? There are other years and the curlew will go on singing." This year he will try for the curlew in France, since Salisbury Plain, his usual rendezvous with the bird, is becoming too noisy.

Recorded The First Cheeps

But there have been rewards—like his famous recording of the greenshank. Koch had spent many days tramping through Inverness woods before he found the singing post, and fortunately near to it was the greenshank's nest. By bringing the microphone close up, Koch not only got the bird-call but recorded the actual birth of a baby greenshank, with the egg-shell cracking and splitting apart as the chick emerged, the henbird speaking to her baby, and later the first peeps of the baby greenshank answering its mother.

To record the awesome booming of the bittern on the Norfolk Broads, Koch spent more than 100 hours on the alert in a rowing boat. During that time he scarcely moved, and he used discs totalling 130 minutes' running time to get the bittern's fifteen-second drum-like calls.

On a job like Koch's, recording discs are quickly expended. In time Koch has learned to reduce his disc wastage to a minimum, but still the greater proportion of those he cuts are useless, often with little else on them but the blustering of the wind and a distant aeroplane. "And," he adds with a smile, "there are some perverse birds that only sing when I am changing over records."

Koch travels several thousand miles every year in search of his material—to the Lake District, the Welsh coast, Salisbury Plain, the Shetlands—wherever there is still a bird unrecorded. Most of the information he receives regarding a bird's whereabouts turns out to be false alarms. "Unless I know my informant," he says, "I must check. I have been led on too many wild-goose chases in the past." His reliable correspondents are amateur birdwatchers all over the country, who know that, along with the bird he's after, Koch requires its singing post comparatively screened from noise.

Wind And Rain Are Enemies

Early morning cockerels and farm tractors are anathema to Koch. "But wind and rain are my enemies, too," he says. In his sensitive microphone, a high wind sounds like the rushing of furies, and a light patter of rain like hailstones driving on a tin roof.

Koch's recording equipment is a wartime present from the Postmaster-General; the standard B.B.C. mobile unit is not built to cope with the wide range of bird voices, like the woodcock's—ranging from 500 to 8,000 cycles within the space of a second—which would only be distorted by ordinary gear.

With it Koch can get the high frequencies of the robin's autumn song, and the high-pitched calls of the grasshopper warbler and the wren—all outside the possibilities of the commercial receiving set.

Koch's sole companion on his recording expeditions is Fred Neale, a tough young giant, who drives their caravan and carries the heavy gear into position. In his spare time Neale is a racing motorist and a film stunt man. On the spot, Koch makes a reconnaissance to identify the bird, and the microphone is brought up as near to the singing post as possible. From this they lay a land line of one to three hundred yards, to the "hide," a disused pill-box, or a tarpaulin shelter rigged over a ditch.

Each bird presents a different problem. Most songbirds are nervous of human beings and strange objects. The microphone has to be heavily camouflaged, for if the bird sees the slightest glint of metal through the cover of leaves, it will probably keep well away. But once Koch camouflaged his microphone too well. "I was trying to record the yellowhammer," he recalls. "Before I knew what was happening, the bird had taken up its position, standing *on* the microphone. The song was badly distorted and its feet made a terrible scratching."

Usually, sea birds in their inaccessible haunts are not afraid of man. Koch comes to their bleak islands, and penguins and puffins will waddle round him and let him stroke them if he wishes to. The problem here is *getting* to the lonely spots where these birds nest and mate—the rocky islets that fringe the coastline. More than once, scrambling up steep rock faces, Koch has fallen into the sea.

Chased By A Stag

All sea birds are not as friendly as puffins; once, when Koch was recording a pair of fulmars on a cliff in Shetland, he went too near the nest and was sprayed with the foul-smelling liquid the fulmar is known to spit at its enemies. Then he tells of his encounter with a wild stag, which objected to Koch and his microphone, and made straight for him. He dropped everything and ran.

Occasionally Koch takes a busman's holiday and goes with his microphone to the London Zoo. "Lions," he says, "spend most of the night talking to one another. Believe it or not, but cubs have quite a different voice when they are talking to their mother from the one they use when talking to father."

He has been busy on cat conversations ever since he came to England fourteen years ago. "Cats on the tiles," he adds, "are often heard, but hard to record. It took me eight years before I could get a good cat conversation; they certainly appear to have a very large vocabulary."

For all the difficulties encountered, Koch's contribution to the B.B.C.'s record library, in fifteen years, is prodigious. There are the voices of over 170 different species of birds, and about fifty animals, including the whole vocabulary of each species—song, alarm-notes, courtship calls, in fact every different sound the creature is known to make. There are also the different examples of song within the species; it was Koch who proved the existence of dialect in bird sounds, when he produced fifteen distinct variations of the chaffinch song.

A few weeks ago a friend asked when he was thinking of retiring. "Ludwig," he said, "soon you will be seventy. You are getting too old for this sort of thing."

"No, no," Koch protested emphatically, "I have still to get the stone curlew, and the long-tailed tit. There are many, many others. There is still much to do."

THE END

The Turkish family wonders what next

by LORD KINROSS

There's the election, and there's Russia for a neighbour. Budak Senior has already seen many changes. His children are impatient for more

THE PENNY STEAMERS sped down the Bosphorus as swiftly and easily as trams, stopping only for a minute or so at each landing-stage while the passengers filed on and off them in silent, orderly queues. It was Sunday, and Turkish families were off to the islands in the Marmara and the woods along the Bosphorus for the all-day picnics which are their favourite recreation. Like the British, they have the weekend habit, and the weekend, since Ataturk's day, is Saturday to Monday, after the European fashion; no longer Thursday to Sunday, with the Moslem Friday in between.

From the banks on either side, thousands of windows blinked at us in the sunlight—those windows which turn gold in the sunset, and give the Golden Horn its name. For the Turks—once more like the British—love a view. They love to sit by the hour at those windows, or on their balconies, gazing at the procession of penny steamers and merchantmen, barges and sailing-boats, and, occasionally, with a sense of awe, at some large Russian liner gliding through the Turkish defence area (forbidden to penny steamers) into the Black Sea and homewards.

For the Bosphorus is the gate to Russia, and these Turks are Britain's first bastion of defence against a Russian invasion of the Mediterranean.

Palaces Become Flats

The cafés, rising on stilts from the waterside, were, like our steamer, so tightly packed with Sunday crowds that they seemed to swell precariously over the sea. The Bosphorus and the Marmara, once the world's most imperial seas, are today its most popular. Palaces and mansions still line the banks. But many are falling to pieces, or divided into lodgings and flats. Behind the huge high walls of Yildiz, which the Sultan built to protect himself from his poorer and angrier subjects, are public gardens, and his kiosks are turned into cafés for the people. The old imperial palace, on the point, is now a museum, and only the Dolma Bahce, decorating the water's edge like a gigantic wedding cake, is kept closed for the occasional visits of Ismet Inönü, the President of the Turkish Republic.

He is president of a genuine republic, a middle-class state where few are too rich and few are too poor, education is general, religion is voluntary, peasants own their land, and a large proportion of the blackcoats work for the Government, in ministries and industries. Moreover, when it goes to the poll next weekend, it hopes to prove to the world, once and for all, that it is a republic on the European model, where speech and Press are free, party politics are encouraged, and the Parliament at Ankara *is* a parliament, freely elected by the people. Otherwise how can Turkey fight the enemies of democracy?

Sons Are Americanized

Beside me on the boat was a Turkish family, surrounded by an array of pots and pans and bottles and hampers of food. For the Turks do their picnics thoroughly, with no nonsense about being content with a packet of sandwiches or a lump of cheese in a haversack. Father and mother were middle-aged; he lined and sallow, with a whimsical expression and a rather crushed city suit; she grey-haired, without make-up, in a practical, black dress. Son and daughter were just grown up; he smart, with well-oiled hair, an open-necked shirt, and a jacket which might have come from America; she buxom and rather voluptuous, with powder and lipstick and a bright green pullover.

As the boat drew out from the swift-running Bosphorus into the calmer, open waters of the Marmara, father turned to me with a sly smile and said a few words in English, proud to show off that he had learnt it as a prisoner of the British in the first World War. His name was Hassan Budak, and he worked as a senior clerk in a Government office.

The son, not to be outdone by his father, broke into our conversation, talking in more confident, and more American accents. He was studying engineering at the university. His name was Kaya, a Turkish name, meaning Rock. This dated him from the time of Ataturk's new Turkey, whereas father's name was Moslem, dating from the old days of the Sultans. He told me that his sister's name was Leyla, and that she, too, was going to the university to study medicine. She sat with her mother, listening eagerly to our conversation, but did not join in it herself. A generation ago they would both have been veiled, and sitting at home.

Hassan and his son were pleased to meet an Englishman. They met so few. They asked countless questions about Britain: mostly serious questions about the British Parliamentary system and our general election. At last I said: "Well, who's going to win *your* election?" For the Turks have developed an acute interest in their own internal politics.

Simultaneously Hassan said: "The People's Party"; and Kaya said: "The Democrats." Hassan then smiled his whimsical smile and added: "Sons, these days, have no respect for their fathers. If I had disagreed with mine, I should have been cast out of the family. Yet when I fought for Ataturk I was considered a revolutionary. He was the finest man we ever had. In twelve years he turned Turkey into a modern country. Ismet was his best friend, and he has carried on his work. He is good enough for me."

Istanbul's Covent Garden. New ways now encroach on primitive lives

Pressure On Electors

"That's all very well," said Kaya, turning to me. "But under Ataturk we weren't a democracy. There was only one party, and the Members of Parliament were little more than paid officials. We shall never become a democracy as long as my father's friends can find a way to stay in power. Do you know what happened at the last elections?"

He told stories of those postwar elections, held still under martial law, with police pressure and a more or less censored Press, when many were afraid to vote for anyone but the party in power. "You, Father," he added, "you would have lost your job in the Government if you had voted for anyone but Ismet. And you know it very well."

Hassan shook his head. "That's not why I voted for him. Anyway, Ismet himself has admitted that in those days the Government was still inexperienced in democracy. Things are different today. Supervision by the judges. Secret ballot. Open count," said Hassan to his son. "That'll give you free elections. If Celal Bayar and your Democrats don't get in, you'll have nothing to complain of."

The Budaks, I found, are a typical family of the Turkish lower middle class. They live in a tall, rambling wooden house in a suburb by the Bosphorus which has seen better days. But its rent is only £5 per month, and there are rooms for all the family, with a warm stove in the living-room, electric light, cold running water (which is sometimes cut off in the summer), and gas for mother to cook on.

Budak rises early each morning, breakfasts well off tea, olives, bread, butter and cheese, and catches the 8.30 boat to the city. Usually, to save money, he takes his lunch with him—some cold meat or chicken and a vegetable stuffed with rice—eating it in the office, or on fine days in the public gardens beneath the trees. Sometimes, for two or three shillings, he has a hot lunch, with beans cooked in olive oil and meat grilled on a skewer, in one of the little restaurants near the Golden Horn.

Leaving his office at five o'clock, he has time before the evening boat

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No one can measure the relief felt by a mother on hearing the doctor's reassuring words. Even the most carefully cherished baby *can* pick up an infection, and it is then that the strength of the child is tested to the limit.

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to do the family marketing in the famous bazaars, so full of crowds and colour and spice. Provisions here are cheaper than in the shops back at home, but the Budaks, with taxes at five shillings in the pound, a net income of £300 a year, and a son at the university, have to count their pennies. Still, food is plentiful, and there is always more meat for supper, to say nothing of fresh fish.

Sometimes, after supper, Budak drops into his favourite local café for a cup of coffee and a gossip and a game of backgammon. But usually he stays at home with Mrs. Budak—unlike his son and daughter, who go out night after night to the cinema or sometimes to a dance. Both got a taste for dancing at school, for Turkish schools are co-educational.

Prisons Into Playgrounds

Our boat drew in to the landing-stage on one of the islands where the Sultans used to keep their nobler prisoners, and where, before the days of Ataturk, the rich Greeks of Istanbul built summer villas. Now there were no prisoners, few Greeks, and little display of riches. The island swarmed with a contented crowd of Turks, men in the street and their wives and families. Hassan Budak invited me to join the family for lunch, and we sat at a table under the pine trees, overlooking the aquamarine sea, while the women unpacked the hampers and a crowd of young men and girls bathed from the beach beneath us.

As we ate our fill of unrationed meat, vegetables and rice, Kaya talked of his life and his career. He was working hard just now for his exams. If he did well, he would be eligible for a scholarship to finish his education in America. To go there was his greatest ambition. America was the country of the future.

His father pressed more food on me, but I had had enough. The Budaks, I remarked, live better than we do in England. But Hassan said: "We manage all right here in Istanbul. But there are parts of Anatolia where the peasants still live very poorly."

Cut Off From The World

Travelling through Anatolia, I had seen rich cultivated lands, then prairies scattered with fat herds of cattle and sheep, then for miles at a time similar lands, uncultivated and ungrazed. Here were peasants so remote from the worlds of Ankara and Istanbul that, at the last elections, some had asked politely after the health of the Sultan in Istanbul. But today, politically and economically, they were becoming more conscious of the modern world.

I remembered Ahmed, the gnarled old man in a patchwork waistcoat, who gave me a glass of cold sour milk by the roadside in the sun-baked Anatolian plain. Ahmed perhaps has a surname, like Mr. Budak, but he prefers to call himself simply Ahmed, son of Ahmed. He lives with all his family in a primitive mud house, in a village which is two hours' daily trek from his two-acre plot of land.

Every morning Ahmed rises at dawn, and after a glass of hot sheep's milk and some flat peasant bread and olives, sets out for his land on foot or on donkey-back, with his two oxen and his two sheep, his wife, two grown-up sons and three younger children. All day long the family works on the land, scraping at it with an old wooden plough, scattering the seed by hand, harvesting the crops with a sickle. Ahmed's crops bring him about £40 a year, with which he has to buy oil, salt, sugar, clothes and charcoal fuel.

But new ideas and methods are encroaching on Ahmed's old way of life. He himself has got on well enough without reading or writing. But both his boys insisted on going to school, though he could ill spare their hands from the land. Moreover, his sons are beginning to take to new-fangled ideas. They are persuading him to use a steel plough, and one of them is learning how to drive the American tractor which has just been delivered to the village co-operative. Up in the hills more men from Ankara are building a new dam, and Ahmed will soon have twice as much water for his land.

So much for Marshall Aid. In Ankara the Americans told me of ten million fertile but unploughed acres which the Turks, with their assistance, could bring under cultivation. It is hoped, by Americans and Turks alike, that within five years Turkey will become an exporter of foodstuffs, and even of coal, to the poorer countries of the Mediterranean and Western Europe, thus earning the money to import machinery and improve her Asiatic standard of living to that of Western Europe.

Land Without Illusions

Within five years, *if* . . . ! It is a Russian "if" which menaces the Turks from across three frontiers: the Caucasus on the east, Bulgaria on the west, the Black Sea and, beyond it Sebastopol on the north. The Americans are bringing tanks and guns, and teaching modern methods of warfare to the Turkish forces. These, if Russia invades, may perhaps enable the Turks to hold out until the Allies can come to their aid. But the Turks have no illusions as to their danger. Remembering eight previous invasions by Russia in the past 300 years, they take it for granted with a strong and silent patriotism.

Hassan Budak, as we drank our sweet Turkish coffee beneath the pine trees, shrugged his shoulders. "Whichever party gets in at this election," he said, "we know we can't expect much. Lots of things require to be done. Fifty per cent of our people are still uneducated. Our hospitals and health services in Anatolia are still very primitive. We pay heavy taxation, and we should like to see more of our money going into social improvements, like you have in England. But we know very well that, for the moment, it can only be done slowly. Whatever Government is in power, more than forty per cent of our budget must still go towards the upkeep of our armed forces; and a large percentage of our best young men must stay in the army."

Must Be Ready To Fight

Kaya chipped in with an account of his two years' military service in the Caucasus, talking of it without false heroics. True, it had put his career back two years. But what else was to be done? Turkey must be ready to fight those Russians again, if she is to survive as a nation.

"They've done us one good turn," said Hassan, with his whimsical smile. "They've saved us from Communism."

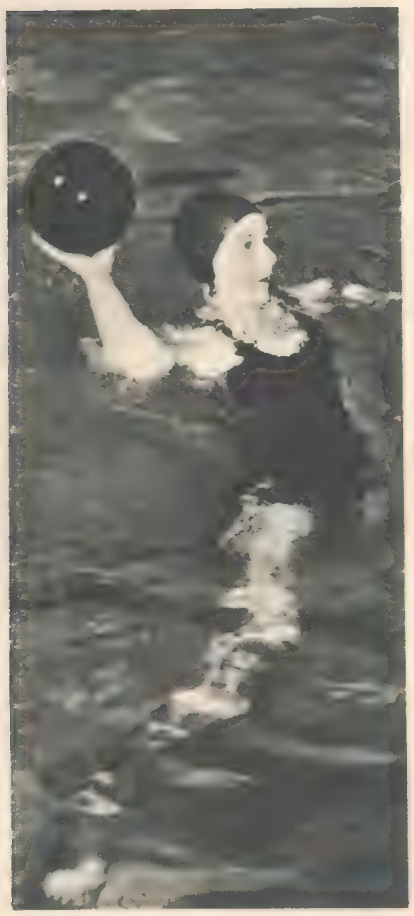
Therein, I reflected, lies Turkey's strength. She is almost the only country in the world without a single Communist. And that, more than anything, ensures the strength of Britain's first bastion in the Mediterranean. THE END

A romp with Alexis. Eva looks gentle, but she gets her own way: Paris has just caught up with her hair style

Water polo's gentle Amazon

by MARJORIE EARL

Eva Frederick, wonder girl of water polo, broke the rules and defied the diehards—yet won top place in British water sport



"Small ones are just as good." In the water, she's a very hard hitter

WHEN EVA FREDERICK was sixteen she went for a walk with a boy at Weston-super-Mare, a girlish caprice which almost ruined her future as one of England's most brilliant water polo stars.

This innocent diversion was strictly against the rules of the association which had sponsored her trip to Weston as an inexperienced, third-string player in a match against Wales. For the infringement she might have been sent home in disgrace without playing the game that initiated her career. But even then Eva Frederick could flout a regulation and get away with it.

Today, she has broken all the rules of tradition by becoming president of the London Water Polo League. Representing eighty clubs and 1,600 players, the league is the biggest sports organization of its kind in the world. It is also the toughest. And it has never before had a woman president.

This slender, gentle-looking brunette, who has a reputation for being one of the hardest-hitting players ever to sink an opponent, was elected after a two-year effort on the part of her supporters to break down the stubborn resistance of most of the men in the league to a woman president.

Eva has been a member of the league's executive since 1936. In the natural course of events her name came up a couple of years ago as an obvious candidate for president. But such a deviation from tradition just would not go down with the league's governing body. The next year, when her name was again submitted, resistance, though weakening, was still strong enough to prevent her from taking the chair. This season, although there was some back-bench grumbling at first, she was unanimously elected.

"You couldn't expect them easily to accept such a radical change as me," she says good humouredly.

It was because she usually manages to get her way that she was not sent home from Weston for going walking with her young admirer. Not only was she permitted to stay but she even got the break which is the dream of every aspiring player who ever warmed a seat on the bath side. All the other spares were retired for one reason or other and Eva was called into the game. Then, to make the success story complete, she scored the first goal of the evening.

Since then, nothing has been able to stop her. She has scored goals in international matches against Holland, France and Wales, all of which her team has won. She became captain of her club team, captain of Middlesex County, then captain of the Southern Counties Ladies' Water Polo Association which, before the war, was the biggest women's water polo association in the world.

Dived Into Thames

One bleak winter afternoon, she was walking her five-year-old Labrador, Alexis, beside the Thames at Hammersmith. Just before she reached Hammersmith Bridge, she heard a splash and saw something hit the water. She stripped off her frock and jumped in, complete with dog.

She failed to rescue the suicide victim because he struck a rock and died immediately. But at the inquest she was commended by the coroner because she came out alive. The day before, a policeman attempting a rescue had been dragged unconscious from the sub-zero water.

Bravery, she asserts, is not one of her attributes. As far as the life-saving exploit was concerned: "There was nothing brave about that, I'd been trained from the time I was a kid," she says.

Although with feminine delicacy she refuses to admit her age, she looks to be somewhere under thirty. She wears her glossy black hair dressed in the most radical Paris fashion—the Eton crop. She hastens to explain that it is not her intention to be radical. The hair has been like that since she was a youngster and was a constant source of embarrassment until Paris made it modish.

When she started swimming she was wearing it in long, thick plaits. Since most of her swimming and training was done in the evening after public bathing hours, she was constantly going to bed with wet hair and contracting colds which lasted from the beginning of the winter until the end. The family doctor ordered her hair cut.

Dreams Of Stardom

Her decision to take up swimming seriously was made in her teens on a skating rink. One evening, as she sat on the sidelines tightening the laces of her skates, she was enjoying a vision of herself as a famous ice-skating star. Former Olympic swimmer Rob Derbeyshire, the coach at the baths where she swam when she wasn't on the ice, glided across the rink and stood over her.

"You know, Eva," he said, "it's either swimming or skating. You'll have to make up your mind."

"I never skated again," she says with a wry smile, admitting that basically there wasn't really a choice.

Derbeyshire, worried for fear she would harden her swimming muscles by skating, had encouraged her and

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ALFRED FENNINGS, HORSHAM, SUSSEX.

trained her since she started going to the Hammersmith baths at the age of six. When she gave up skating, he persuaded her to concentrate on long-distance swimming, diving and water polo.

The only occasions when she appeared in public as an entertainer, not a competitor, were as an ornamental swimmer with the late Geoffrey Wilkinson, who was a prominent member of the Otter Swimming Club.

They started putting on amateur shows in swimming clubs in London and the southern counties. Before long, they were booked up solidly, sometimes doing as many as three shows in one night. This partnership lasted for nine years until Wilkinson's death in 1938.

At this time Eva had time for only one other activity, and that was water polo. She played in the London Water Polo League, which was founded in 1896. In the early thirties, after a battle joined by the late Lucy Kittmer, the league accepted a woman's section. When Lucy Kittmer died in 1936, Eva Frederick took over her post as the secretary of the women's section.

Women's water polo was introduced into England before the last war but did not develop a serious following until 1921. Today there are seven women's teams and approximately 200 players in the London area. Although England started women's water polo, Holland now has the best teams and the best players.

This annoys Eva Frederick who can remember the days before the war when the prowess of the British women was unchallenged. A couple of years ago, when she was entertaining some Dutch players during their visit to London, she couldn't resist a sharp answer to their comment that the quality of British playing had fallen off. "While you were practising during the occupation," she said, "our boys and girls were so busy unoccupying you that they didn't have time to practise."

After the war British women's water polo had to start from scratch. Most of the principal players were out of practice, married with children or scattered to other parts of the world.

Herself a small, rather delicately built woman, Eva is anxious to dispel the belief that girls who play water polo are all large and husky. "It's true that water polo is one of the hardest games in sport but it isn't necessary to be big and tough," she says. "The smaller ones are equally as good."

Eva doesn't expend all her executive ability on water polo. She is company secretary of a large London manufacturing concern and lives in a comfortably furnished flat in Barnes.

Early in February she presided for the first time at an executive meeting of the London Water Polo League. By that time she had her feet on the ground and was accustomed to the dignity of her new office.

But she confesses that when she stood up to receive the seal of office at the league's annual meeting in December before 200 members, she was as frightened as she had been at any time during the Battle of Britain. "If they could have heard my knees knocking and my heart pounding, they would have known it was as hard for me to accept that office as it was for the league to accept me," she says. THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY

Continued from page 10

promise I had to be content. One guard was left.

We lay on the beds and waited. In walked a Luftwaffe doctor. He was all very professional, a largish man with a creased face who liked to pretend that he understood English when he didn't. He looked at my feet and made some clucking noises, ending with an "aaa-h," which was not a reassuring diagnosis. He got hold of some stuff like molasses and smeared this all over my feet and then wrapped them up in bandages. They looked like young pumpkins. Freddie's hand needed some attention which the doctor gave by wrapping it up also; it was stiff. There was nothing to be done for Roy or Gordon although the former had sat through two December nights in the North Sea wearing his battledress jacket and with no leather coat on top.

In the morning we were given some bread and some coffee. A lazarett attendant, a little medical Army orderly, with a squashed, almost Oriental face, bustled in. "Today you go."

"Where to?"

"Oslo—it is better there."

"When?"

"At twelve o'clock."

We got ready. Clad in our flying clothes we lay on our beds and waited. Twelve o'clock came. One o'clock came. We still waited. The squashed face orderly came in, almost apologetically. "You not go—you not go." He shook his head. We relaxed. The big thing in life was whether or not we went to Oslo. Now we weren't going. A sense of anti-climax settled on us like a heavy cloud. We couldn't understand it but we felt exhausted, all of a sudden—exhausted and furious.

In the evening we did go and it was another jet-black night. This time we were put (I was carried) into a very large American car, along with a big intelligent-looking soldier with the longest greatcoat I had seen and a useful-looking pistol. We drew up at a fair-sized station. Investigations were being made. The car doors were opened and shut. No chance for me, can't walk—but one of the others might slip off here, I thought. The soldier looked at me and at the car doors. We all remained silent.

The train which we boarded was, as we had expected, bound for Oslo. We were shoved into a third-class compartment with hard wooden seats. Two soldiers were put there with us. We waited. The steam-heating was full on and we became thirsty.

"Beer," we cried in a daring moment, "Beer." The officer in charge was fetched. He waved his hands about. "No beer," he regretted, "no beer for prisoners."

"Water, then, water."

"Yes, water." And water it was.

Exit Gordon And Roy

In the morning we arrived in Oslo station. I had the impression of many parallel tracks and a tidy if extensive arrangement of platforms and barriers. An ambulance awaited us on the station platform. Gordon and Roy were led off elsewhere. Freddie and I felt uneasy about this, but were soon placed in the ambulance.

In we went through a gate in a wire fence to a large hospital, the Akers Sykehus. Freddie and I found ourselves swiftly put into adjoining beds in a ward with one other R.A.F. man. The room was of the most modern type, creamy walls with no dusty corners, with modern beds and hospital furniture. Clean sheets there were and carafes of lemonade made of real lemons at the bedside. "Microphones, Freddie," I said, although I could hardly see where they might be placed, "careful," and Freddie, philosophical as ever, nodded wisely.

"We are taking away your clothes," said the Nazi doctor, "to stop you escaping." Freddie and I must have looked surprised. The hospital was warm and comfortable; in the grounds outside lay about three feet of snow. "Yes," he went on, "we know that you will try to escape so we put your clothes away—you cannot get away with no clothes," in case we still did not fully get his point. "A German," he said, looking at us through his spectacles and using every bit of dignity which he could muster, "will always try and escape."

"Yes, I suppose so," I remarked.

"It is his duty. A German will always try." His eyes lit up, his voice became streaked with hysteria. The word German he pronounced almost with a sob. "Now—what about you—how long have you been in your rubber boat?"

"Can't say."

"Can't say? Oh, I see. But it does not matter now."

"No, we can't say."

"Oh, well, you are very stupid." He turned and went away.

During the morning we were practically celebrities. Orderlies kept coming in and asking our names all over again, and our ranks and so on. They even asked the names of our grandmothers.

The door burst open—another visitor. "Good morning—good morning—good morning." A young open-faced Luftwaffe officer had come in. He brought with him an air of brisk, warm friendliness. You felt you could happily pass an hour or so with such a nice fellow. "Well, you are all right now. How do you feel? Are they looking after you

Continued on page 31

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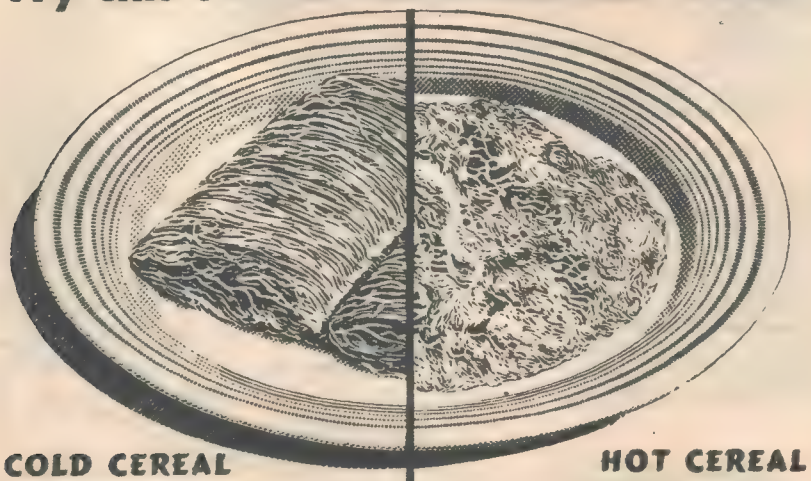

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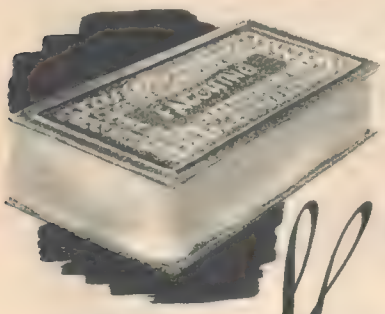

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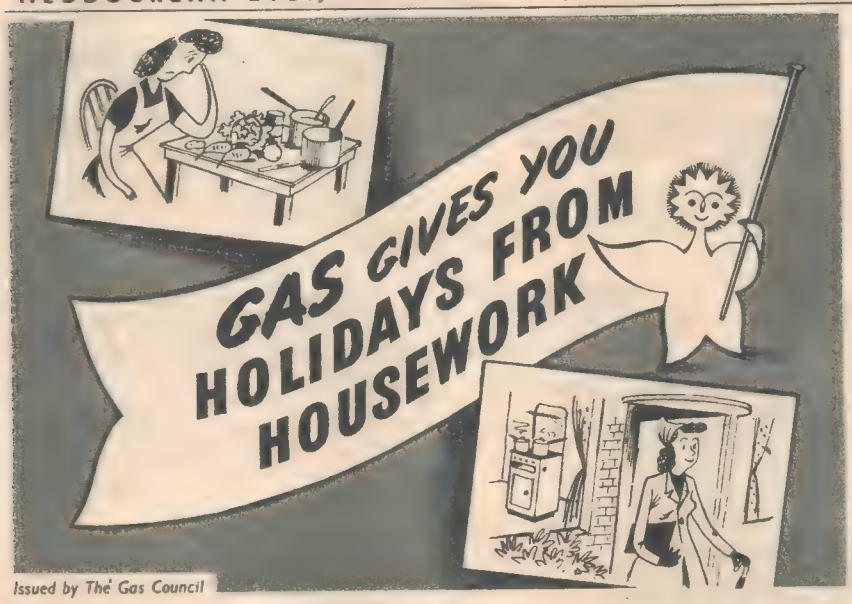

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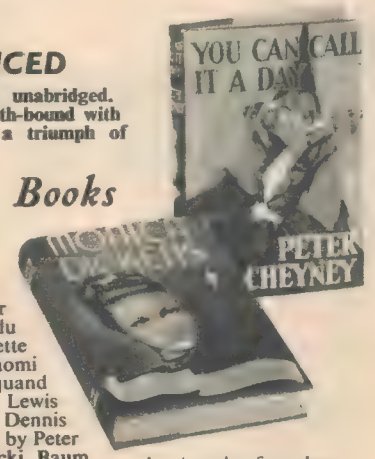

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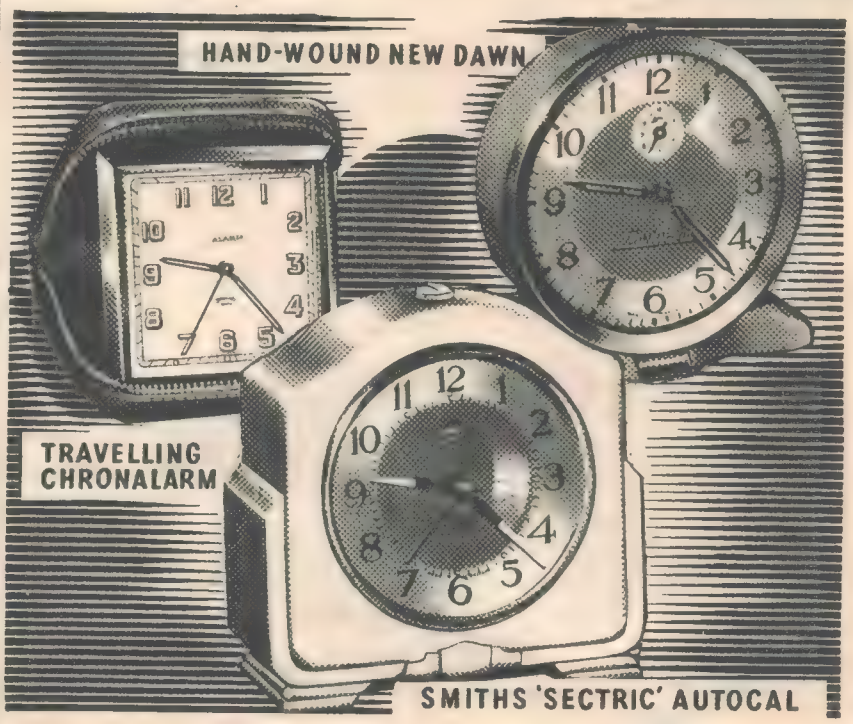

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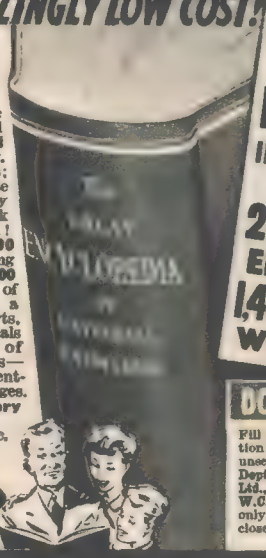

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STOLEN JOURNEY

Continued from page 28

properly?" The volley of questions, the effusiveness put us on our guard. "Yes—thanks—oh, yes." We must have looked questioningly.

"Me? Oh, I am over from the aerodrome. We heard you had been rescued. Thought I would come and see how you were getting on. Let us see now—when did your Hudson come down?"

"Can't say, I'm afraid."

"Oh, come, come, that's all finished now. Your battles are all over. It cannot matter to say. Anyway, we can all be friends now. For you," he looked hard at us, "for you the war is over." His pink-and-white face took on a hurt look, and then he changed his tactics. "Have you boys anything to read?"

"Yes, but we want more."

"I will see to it."

"Thanks. You speak very good English yourself."

"Oh." He smiled, obviously flattered, and made a deprecating gesture. "I have been to England. I like it. I have an aunt in Eastbourne."

"Oh, yes. Nice place. By the way, we'd like our clothes."

"But did they not tell you? Your clothes must be kept from you. Otherwise you will escape."

"Not us."

"Ah, you joke. Every soldier tries."

"Have any of your people escaped from England?"

"Not from England—perhaps—but from Canada—yes."

"Who?"

"Now, what was his name?" he flicked his fingers. "Yes, I have got it, von Werra. He was very clever, very brave."

"Went from Canada, you say."

"Yes. Then to the United States and somehow by boat over to Japan. From there, of course, we got him back."

"And now he's back in Germany?"

"Well, he was, but he went flying on the East front. He got killed."

"Oh."

"All flying people understand one another. It is different with men in the armies. Now, when you got hit was it by flak or by our fighters?"

"Can't say," I said.

"Oh come—come. We know most of it already. These are just the official details, you understand."

"Oh, quite."

"The ships which picked you up. They were not the same as the ones you attacked?"

"Can't say."

There was an awkward silence. "Ah, if you will not say it is very silly. It is all over now. But we shall know it all. Goodbye." And he was gone.

Soon after that interview our status changed. Wheeled stretchers were brought in. We were put on them. Down we went in a large lift and along a lengthy series of passages. Up again—in an older building now—but one adjoining the part where we had been. We were put into bed in a long narrow room. There were bars on the window. The door slammed. "This," Freddie remarked, looking at the smallness of the room, the bars, and the lack of luxury, "is more like it."

"More like what?"

"Prison."

Through the bars of the little room in the Norwegian hospital we could see a large electric power-house and beyond, down the snowy slope, some miles off, the steely glint of Oslo Fjord. On the other side of that we could see ridges of low rocky hills and sometimes little black dots flying about them.

Already, after only a few days, time dragged. We were lumbering painfully, hour by hour, through December, and gradually January approached, and a New Year, 1942. What would that be like? It seemed a long way off. Conversation had a habit of suddenly flagging—suddenly getting intolerable for no reason at all.

We Try An Escape

"I think that this is the moment," said Freddie, jumping out of bed.

"Right. I can't hear any footsteps."

"Where's that knife?—the strong one."

"Here."

"Thanks." Freddie clambered on the chest of drawers. He stretched up to the top window. This had no bars but was held permanently shut by screws. "That's one," he said, looking over his shoulder at the door.

"It's all right, the orderly's not due yet." He went on working. "And that's the last." He jumped down. The knife lay again on the plate. The prisoners lay in their beds—innocently resting.

"So that's the lot," I muttered, "all loosened?"

"Yes, all loosened, so that they can be taken out with the tin trouser button which I've got."

"Funny how they always seem to check up on that strong knife you've just been using."

"Yes."

Edmund, the German medical orderly, came in and set about removing the luncheon debris and with it the "screwdriver" knife. "How long do we stay here?" I asked.

"You go to Germany."

"When?"

"I don't know. But the Luftwaffe they come."

The next morning they did. The door was flung open and two uniformed officers entered. They wore spectacles and were clearly ground staff. They just stared at me and Freddie and talked in undertones. They looked like puppets—or the impassive Japanese. Unreasonably, I felt annoyed at them. I asked: "When do we go to a proper camp?" They jumped slightly and obviously were not expecting to be questioned. "Oh, soon," one said. "Yes, it will not be long," added the

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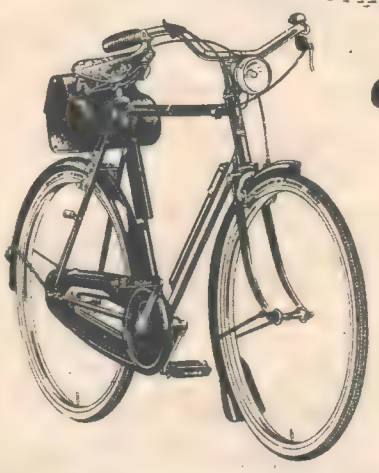

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* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Is Rheumatism hereditary?

THERE is a very common belief that if father or mother suffer with rheumatism, the children in their turn will also become victims of it. But Medical Science has no proof of this. What may be true is that we can inherit a susceptibility to rheumatism. But even if this is true, rheumatism can be avoided with common sense, care and attention.

As yet nobody is quite sure what causes rheumatism. It might be a germ, poor diet, worry. One theory suggests that too much meat might be the cause!

Scientists have not yet reached complete agreement on the cause of rheumatism, but their efforts in its treatment have not been without success. Particularly when the patient has sought attention in the early stages.

One of the causes of rheumatism could be impurities in the system. That is why so many people find relief from rheumatic pain through Kruschen.

Kruschen helps the body to expel these impurities in the normal way. Kruschen is not just another laxative. It is six specially blended salts. These work in two ways — aperient and diuretic — thus aiding the bowels and the kidneys to rid themselves and the body of impurities through the natural channels. Taken regularly, Kruschen can prevent these impurities forming again.

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 (in powder or crystals) at chemists and grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

KRUSCHEN

other nodding, and they went away.

"Well, if we're going to get out of here we'd better do it now," said Freddie.

"What the hell can we do?"

"Get clear of the hospital and go to one of those houses."

"How do you know which is which? Which quisling, which not?"

"Take a chance."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it might be better to have a crack at Sweden."

"How far away is it?"

"To the east maybe forty miles."

"What about to the south?"

"I just can't remember how the border runs. It can't be very far."

"We might get on a lorry."

"Or hide in a railway coal truck."

"With all this snow?"

"Well, it's pretty cold. I don't think we'd stand much chance. Anyway, we need clothes."

When Freddie opened the lower window that night for ventilation, the freezing air from outside poured in past the bars—so cold that it almost attacked your lungs. I could hear a train rattling along in the distance. Where was it off to—Sweden?

Flap On, Flap Off

After breakfast things began to move fast. Edmund came in, his flat pear face beaming and his large hands flapping a little with excitement. "I go everywhere; I have boots for you. I have also coat, you will be warm." He was followed by a bustling orderly. "Here are your clothes, you must dress, you go today."

We picked up our clothes, they had accumulated a greeny mould and were damp, but what excitement to hold one's battledress again. My wings were still there and Freddie's A.G. brevet. It was absurd, but I think that we both felt more confident—almost armed again—after the period with nothing of our own whatsoever, not even a toothbrush, but everything given or lent by Germans. We dressed. We waited. It was Christiansand over again. We were learning German ways. Then—

"You not go," said Edmund, perplexed. Everybody was perplexed.

In the evening Freddie remarked quietly, "You know what I think?"

"No?"

"They're *not* going to take our clothes away again."

"And you've loosened the screws."

"What's the form then?"

"Blanket rope."

"Yes. Into the snow. Then over the fence and just see what happens."

"Try a house."

"Or a church."

"We'll make a noise against that tin roof gutter."

"Yes, maybe; can't help it though."

"Better pack up things to take."

"Yes, haven't got much. A few scraps of food. I've still got my stud compass. That's funny, isn't it?"

It's Now Or Never

We got more and more tense. The nurse came and went. Nobody reclaimed our clothes. "Safe now, I think. If we leave it till later everything will be too quiet."

"Yes. You get at those screws." Freddie took his metal button in his right hand and stood on the windowsill.

"Careful nobody sees you."

"Must risk that."

I looked up. I could see his blue-clad elbow working hard. One screw out. He handed it to me. A pause, another screw. And, after a struggle, "Here's the third."

"Only one more."

"Yes, should be O.K. Should . . . be."

Freddie seemed anxious. I held the side of my bed and watched. "Blast it, blast it," he said. "I didn't loosen this one enough with the knife. The button—the button," pressing it hard, "keeps ruddy well slipping." He tried again and again. "You have a try, maybe you can work it."

I tried. The button gripped nicely at first in the groove of the screw, held the tension and then slid swiftly out as I increased the pressure.

"Anything else to use?"

"No—nothing at all."

After a while I gave up. Nothing would move that screw. "That's that. We'd better undress and empty our pockets." As we lay in bed, we were silent. Our escape bid was off. We were at the height of tension a few minutes ago. Would the blanket rope hold? Would a sentry catch us on the fence? Were the Norwegians really friendly?

Yet I was glad. There was no place like bed in a steam-heated hospital when outside the Norwegian snow lay three feet deep. Yet I oughtn't to be glad. Nobody wanted to go to Germany as a prisoner of the Nazis. Anyway, one was meant to try and escape. The anti-climax of any escape attempt was always odd—one felt sorry, yet very thankful. That I was several times to learn again, in common with many prisoners. But tonight, we were not going to escape from the Akers Sykehus. No. And the reason? The screw wouldn't budge—no, the screw wouldn't budge. It was stuck firmly in place holding the window closed against us . . . we relaxed and slept deeply.

Bound For Germany

Our car drew up at a cross-roads in the middle of Oslo. As I looked up and down the street, studying the Norwegians in their round furry caps, and wondering which were friendly and which were not, one of the guards turned round and surveyed Freddie and me. His hand was not very far from his black pistol holster.

At the docks we came on three ships, the *Donau*, *Dessau*, and *Lauterfels*. I thought that they would make a good target for air attack, but on that winter afternoon the scene was peaceful—except for the lines of German soldiers in their green army greatcoats, waiting to board the *Lauterfels*. We were led up the gangway, I feeling my way a trifle uncertainly in a new pair of boots, and were thrust down in a rough cabin below decks close to the bows.

Later, we demanded to go on deck. The *Lauterfels* lay off the coast, which was half a mile or so away, a long dark smudge with a jagged top formed by the trees. Freddie moved over to the rail. The guard watched. "No future here," Freddie muttered. "Sweden can't be far, either."

"No go. You can swim if you like." Over the side we could see the water, frigid and dark and flecked with ice. There was no sign of a jetty close by. "Back to our cosy little bunk with our friends the Germans," said Freddie. "Back we go."

But the guard was inclined to linger—apparently to smoke a cigarette. We shivered. "Where's Norway?" I asked by way of conversation. "Across there," he nodded. "Tomorrow we go farther." He threw his cigarette stub over the rail. He was not going to miss a chance to be dramatic. He waved his arm spectacularly towards the south. "Und da drüben liegt die Heimat."

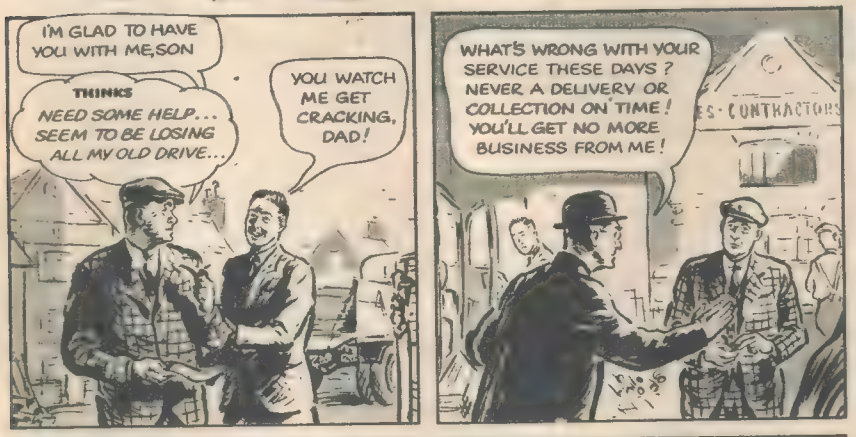
Freddie and I stared. "What's he say?" asked Freddie with interest because, frankly, we were impressed by the man's strength of feeling.

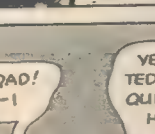
"Over there lies the Homeland!"

Freddie was silent.

NEXT WEEK: My first taste of p.o.w. camp life. I meet an escape committee

STICK-IN-THE-MUD FATHER


I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH ME, SON
THINKS
NEED SOME HELP... SEEM TO BE LOSING ALL MY OLD DRIVE...
YOU WATCH ME GET CRACKING, DAD!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR SERVICE THESE DAYS? NEVER A DELIVERY OR COLLECTION ON TIME! YOU'LL GET NO MORE BUSINESS FROM ME!
ALF COMES HOME
DAD'S SUCH A STICK-IN-THE-MUD, MA. WE'RE LOSING BUSINESS FAST
DAD! I-I
YES, I HEARD, TED! OH, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. I'M HOLDING YOU BACK
I GET SO TIRED, THAT'S THE TROUBLE! I EVEN WAKE TIRED AFTER 8 OR 9 HOURS' SLEEP!
OH, ALF, DO SEE A DOCTOR
AT THE DOCTOR'S
...EVEN WAKE TIRED, DOCTOR
WELL, MR. JONES, YOU CAN'T BE GETTING SOUND SLEEP, THE ONLY KIND THAT RESTORES ENERGY -AND IT'S SOUND SLEEP YOU NEED. I ADVISE HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
SOME TIME LATER
COME ON, TED, WE'LL LOAD UP FOR THE MORNING. WE'LL DO THE ACCOUNTS TONIGHT, TOO
PHEW, DAD, DON'T WE EVER STOP?
WELL, MR. JONES, YOU'VE SHOWN YOURSELF TO BE A LIVE WIRE... YOU'VE GOT THE CONTRACT!
GOOD FOR YOU, DAD!
THINKS
GOOD FOR HORLICKS!



YES, WE **WERE** LOSING BUSINESS FAST. TED WAS SO GO-AHEAD, AND I WAS HOLDING HIM BACK -UNTIL I WENT TO THE DOCTOR AND LEARNT ABOUT HORLICKS AND SOUND SLEEP. NOW I'M REALLY ON TOP OF MY FORM AGAIN - AND WE'RE DOING WELL, TOO - ALL THANKS TO HORLICKS

HORLICKS

How the hair gradually recedes at the forehead is shown above. At this verge of hair growth the loss if often unsuspected until it has made considerable progress.

Are You LOSING HAIR *Prematurely?*

The crown of the head is another favourite site for premature loss of hair. A patch of thinness there first appears, and gradually the scalp skin shows between the sparsely growing hairs.

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Post This Form

To ARTHUR J. PYE, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool, J.28
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(Block Letters)
ADDRESS.....
(Block Letters)
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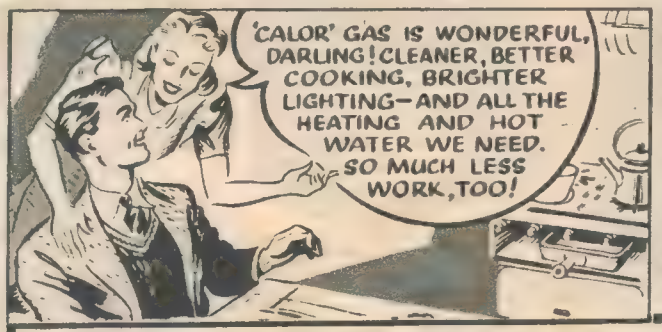
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THE CONCERT

Continued from page 14

had told herself that now, with a house of her own and Fred away from Mondays till Fridays, now she would really be able to get down to her music. She had her own piano, too, on the hire purchase. Fred gave it to her.

He was proud of her music, though, somehow, the promised hours of piano practice diminished. She had the house and the shopping to do, and their son Nicholas was born.

Also there was the change in Fred. He started to look older, and his cheeks sank in, and in the raw weather he developed a persistent, intolerable dry cough.

But that was not the finish of her music, oh dear no. She soon realized bitterly that it was only the beginning of it. Fred's cough was the trouble. It developed. They tried all sorts of remedies for it. Weekends she rubbed his chest with this embrocation or that, and he sat for hours before the fire with a towel over his head inhaling pungent vapours from an old earthenware jug. Finally, hang the expense, he had to go to the doctor.

He came back with a frightened face. Tuberculosis. Fred had laughed harshly when the doctor said something about Switzerland; he might as well have recommended the moon.

For a while Fred struggled. He went off on Monday mornings, same as usual, with a woollen comforter wrapped round his chest, and he came back gaunt and exhausted on Friday evenings to stoop into a chair.

They both knew, of course, that it could not last, and Charlotte began to plan desperately for the future. There was a café on the promenade where the holidaymakers went of a morning for cups of coffee and chatter. The walls were decked out with imitation rustic work and bunches of painted wistaria.

Charlotte knew the manager slightly. He gave her a job playing the piano in the café from ten thirty to twelve every morning, and from four to five thirty in the afternoon. Fifty shillings a week. It meant all sorts of complicated arrangements for leaving Nicholas with neighbours, but for that sum it was worth it.

She gave them "Rustle of Spring," Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan, and all the old favourites. And as quickly as she could afford to buy the music she worked up a few of the latest dance tunes. These she found difficult, for nobody had taught her syncopation. She sought instruction from the leader of a local dance orchestra, Wilfred Winter and his Melting Snowflakes.

Wilfred soon showed her the trick of it, and was so taken by her skill that he invited her to join his outfit.

Within a year she was out most nights with the Snowflakes, and tinkling away at the Wistaria Café during the daytime. Tune after tune after tune flowed from her fingers mechanically and without thought. Most weeks she made five pounds or more. That was a mercy, for Fred was soon unable to set off on his weekly trips.

In her few free hours Charlotte started to take piano pupils, a scraggy trail of thin-legged children into her parlour, to thump gloomily upon the now battered piano for half a crown a lesson.

From morning to late at night she lived in the sound of vibrating piano wires, while Fred crouched at the fireside. And so she kept the household going.

Fred never got to Switzerland. Not until, in his last delirium, he babbled of snow did she realize how much he had longed for that one chance of prolonging life, that absurd dream of health.

She sometimes thought that, without Nicholas, she could not have stood it. But it was all worth it for him. When he was still a baby she determined that he was to be a musician, a real musician. The ambition at which she had failed was to be accomplished in him.

While he was sucking at her breast she began to exercise his hands, gently flexing the wrists and gripping fingers. When he was three she sat him regularly at the piano, trying to direct into some sort of melody the thumping of his fists upon the keys.

But directly he grew old enough, she did not teach him herself. There was a wonderful professor from London who had a weekend villa in the town, and she persuaded him to take on Nicholas.

It was costly. After Fred's death she calculated that he might have gone to Switzerland with the money she spent on Nicholas's music. But she was defiantly unrepentant. Nicholas was to be the musician she had once dreamed of being. She knew it to be a monomania, but she did not care. If that failed, nothing mattered.

And it did not fail. She forced music upon the boy until it became a monomania with him, too. She forced him like a bulb in an earthenware pot, watching the green shoot day by day, breathlessly awaiting the flower.

As she tinkled and swayed in her café and dance halls, she dreamed of Nicholas making music, that solemn little boy in warm clothes trudging from teacher to practice-room, and back to teacher. His very Christmas presents were orchestral scores, his only outings to concerts.

Once she caught him fighting and she lectured him for an hour. Never, never must he risk damage to his hands. He grew terrified of the thought, guarding his hands, cherishing his hands, clutching them to him instead of putting them out for protection even when he fell.

He was brilliant. Everybody said so. At seventeen he was a star pupil of the academy in London. At nineteen he made his first broadcast. Charlotte got permission from Wilfred Winter to slip away in the middle of a dance to a small cold room where there was a radio, and there she could listen alone to the limpid music that Nicholas was making.

She went back, bemused, to the hall and rattled away at her dance tunes till one in the morning, and the young couples broke their embraces to applaud her and to cry: "That's the girl, Charlie."

Now, in the concert hall, she knew that she had succeeded. The purpose of her life had been fulfilled. The crowded seats, the orchestra filing into their places, were the proof of it. His first piano concerto, soloist Nicholas Haym. Grave and distinguished men like her seat neighbour had paid to come and hear him.

Charlotte could not have told afterwards what else the orchestra played at that concert. They were familiar pieces, but she did not hear them. She heard and saw nothing until Nicholas walked gravely on to the platform, bowed once, and seated himself at the piano.

Silence. Then the full orchestra stating a theme. A long *tutti* and an austere theme. And then the piano breaking in, voluptuously but harshly. The soaring brilliance of the piano. Charlotte sat tensed, with a thumping heart. Directly he started she knew what the music was about.

It was about her, in a sense, and about Irene. Those were the two main themes, pulling at each other —the harsh, purposeful chords of the one, the indulgent melody of the other. Deliberately or unconsciously, she did not know which, Nicholas had written from life. For the conflict was as deeply within him as in his music.

On the one side was the austere, undeviating purpose in which from childhood he had been trained, the devotion to music at the cost of all else, the necessity for success which she, his mother, had drilled into him, the monomania. And on the other, the sudden and late revelation of a softer, more tender, delicious world through Irene.

It was only recently that she had known of Irene. Charlotte had travelled to London to hear Nicholas give a recital, and when she went round afterwards there was this girl in the room, a tall, languorous girl in a green frock.

"This is Irene Forbes, Mother," was all that Nicholas said. Charlotte disliked her instantly.

When she got home she wrote him a long letter. Hours she spent composing it, striving to keep out of it any hint of jealousy, trying to keep it reasonable. Everything depended on yet a few years of devoted slavery, he could not afford distractions. She begged him to remember that he must be as single in his purpose as a scientist, or a monk, a recluse.

Nicholas wrote in reply a cheerful note. She was not to worry about him, he was working hard. Did she imagine he would forget the sacrifices she had made for him? Not he. As for Irene, she was all right, a nice girl, devoted to music, far too rich, of course, but she could not help that. Irene understood and, indeed, might be a great help to him.

Charlotte read the letter several times before she was convinced that it was a guilty note.

Nicholas knew, as well as she did, the harm he was proposing. It could not be otherwise, she pondered, after the way in which she had schooled him.

Then she heard nothing more, until that very morning. It was a letter from Nicholas. He had good news for her. He was to start on an American tour, an immense opportunity. He would tell her all about it after the concert tonight.

There was a postscript: *Irene is guaranteeing the money, so you wronged her, didn't you? She really is a trump.*

Charlotte dressed with trembling hands and took an earlier train to London. At his lodgings the fat landlady was surprised. Mr. Pattison had not been there for several weeks, she was forwarding his letters. Yes, she had the address somewhere. She found it at last in the bottom of a sewing basket.

The address lay in a huge concrete box of flats. Charlotte was white faced as the boy took her up in the lift. "Not the moral question," she kept repeating to herself, "that's none of your business. The music, only the music." The carpets of the corridor were thick-piled upon a rubber underlay.

Irene received her with complete coolness. They ought not to disturb him, she said, he was resting in readiness for the concert, he was in a highly nervous state. Charlotte pushed past her.

When she came to him she could not at first find anything to say. It was he who began to talk, irritably, guiltily.

"Was it for this?" she brought out at last. "Was it for this?"

"Oh, Mother, you don't understand. You can't understand. I have my own life to live."

"I am not questioning that, Nicholas. But I have a right to speak of your music."

"Don't you see that is just it? How can I write music when I know nothing of life? You can't make rules for it."

"You are wrong, Mrs. Pattison," said the girl, as sweetly as she could. "Nicholas has great genius, but the world will not listen to genius in a garret. Show the world an obvious success and the world will believe in it. Sad, perhaps, but true. Genius is one thing, but money buys success."

Charlotte would not look at the girl. She said: "That is the talk of a harlot, Nicholas."

He jerked himself up from the couch. "You shall not say such things. I know what I owe to you, but you shall not say them."

"The critics who will listen to

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LION OINTMENT

your music tonight," she went on evenly, "will they care whether you live in luxury or poverty? Will it affect their judgment?"

The girl laughed. "My dear, you should meet some of them."

"Nothing will serve you but truth to your work, Nicholas. I am warning you now. If you lie to yourself, you will fail."

Again the girl laughed. "How little you know of the world."

Charlotte swung round at her. "With the money I toiled for and spent on his music I could have bought several more years of life for his father."

Nicholas was pale and rigid, motionless except for the flutter of his fingers.

"And I wish I had," she cried. "Before God, I wish I had."

Now, in the silence of the pause before the second movement, she glanced secretly at her neighbour. He was rapt.

The piano began gently, echoed then by a whisper of strings. Nicholas was leaning slightly forward, intent. As the full orchestra came in she allowed herself to be swept into a rush of dreams, forgetting all the rest. The orchestra thundered, and then hushed while the piano soared. Orchestra, piano, orchestra, piano. Automatically her brain noted the modulations, but her heart raced with those exquisite cascades of sound.

And then there was something wrong. She knew it at once. There was a check in the orchestra, a swift surprised glance from the conductor, but he pulled them together again and the music flowed on.

She thought suddenly: they couldn't understand, they couldn't know, as she knew.

At the next solo passage there could be no doubt of it. Nicholas was playing more than he had written, that was it. The various musicians were suddenly flustered. The violins that had been raised with expectant bows scraped a ragged, uncertain note, were lowered confusedly, raised again, and at last, rallied by the conductor, found the music.

Charlotte was taken with alarm. She saw that her neighbour was leaning forward, his lips parted. The conductor had collected his scattered forces, but at the next solo the piano ran right away. The worried orchestra tried to improvise, the baton beat desperately.

She rose from her seat, crying his name: "Nicholas, Nicholas," trying to penetrate to him. But her voice was overwhelmed. The conductor, aware now, had rallied his instruments into a full attempt to beat the piano, to play it into quietness, to drown it. The piano rose above it all, soared in huge leaps above it.

She had to get to him. Half-running, she went down the aisle, through a door beside the stairs, down a corridor, which brought her out at the back of the platform. She found a small knot of people gazing anxiously. She could see most of the orchestra laying down their instruments, puzzled, and the nonplussed conductor with his baton trembling hesitantly in the air. And Nicholas at the long black piano. She could see the sweat gleaming on his cheeks.

There was a man talking somewhere nearby on a telephone. "Tell them to switch him off the air. Change over to records or any damn thing. Chap's gone nuts."

A stout man was suggesting that they should dowse the lights immediately.

"No, no," another insisted, talking with authority, as if he were Nicholas's manager—or a doctor. "At any rate, leave the one by the piano. Put the rest out and get the people away from the hall, but leave the one by the piano. He must not be stopped. Somebody phone this number and tell them to send an ambulance and reserve a bed. He must play himself out. Soon he will be exhausted. We must wait."

Then he added quietly: "We shall never again hear such music."

They were all dim to Charlotte, as though in a forgotten dream. Only the music was real. Other dreams began to steal into her mind—Nicholas's bedroom at home with the curtains cosily drawn; herself playing for money, rattling out dance tunes at All Saints' parish hall; herself coming quietly up the stairs late at night with a bowl of gruel in her hands. For him. A great wave of happiness came sweeping over her with his music.

She began to rock gently to and fro. They can't touch him any more, she thought drowsily, he's mine again, he's mine. THE END

". . . my son by a previous marriage, and another son by marriage previous to that, and two girls by marriage previous to that . . ."

A MAN CALLED HORSE

Continued from page 22

she thinks he will not leave her. Am I wrong?"

The white man held her closer and lied. "Pretty Calf is not wrong. Horse will not leave her. Horse will not take another woman." No, he certainly would not. Parting from this one was going to be harder than getting her had been. "*Hay-ha,*" he murmured. "Freedom."

His conscience irked him, but not very much. Pretty Calf could get another man easily enough when he was gone, and a better provider. His hunting skill was still awkward.

There was no hurry about leaving. He was used to most of the Crow ways and could stand the rest. He was becoming prosperous. He owned five horses. His place in the life of the tribe was secure, such as it was. Three or four young women, including the one who had belonged to Yellow Robe, made advances to him. Pretty Calf took pride in the fact that her man was so attractive.

By the time he had what he needed for a secret journey, the grass grew yellow on the plains and the long winter was coming. He was enslaved by the girl he called Freedom and, before the winter ended, by the knowledge that she was carrying his child. . . .

The Big Dog society held a long ceremony in the spring.

So far as Horse could understand the Big Dogs were having some kind of election. He pampered his wife by staying up with her by the fire to await the result. Even the old woman, who was a great one for getting to sleep when she was not working, prowled around restlessly.

The white man was yawning by the time the noise of the ceremony died down. When Yellow Robe strode in, garish and heathen in his paint and feathers and furs, the women cried out. There was conversation, too fast for Horse to follow, and the old woman wailed once, but her son silenced her with a gruff command.

Pretty Calf explained: "He wears the bearskin belt. Now he can never retreat in battle. He will always be in danger. He will die."

Maybe he wouldn't, the white man tried to convince her. Pretty Calf recalled that some few men had been honoured by the bearskin belt, vowed to the highest daring, and had not died. If they lived through the summer, then they were free of it.

"My brother wants to die," she

Continued on page 38

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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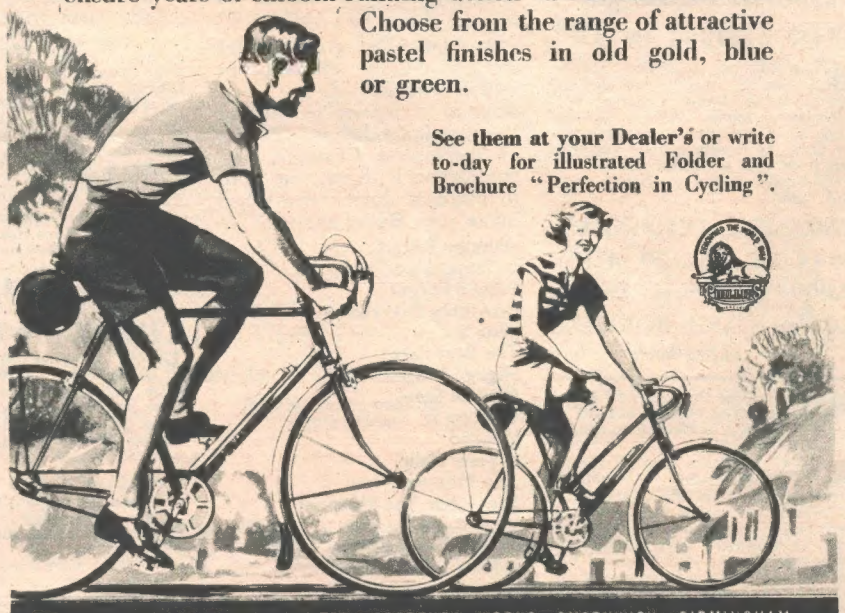

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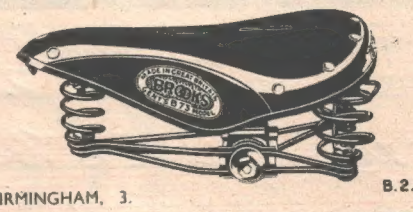

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Weird Contraption
At Auntie's Laundry
Adds To The Glamour
Holding Her Hand
Getting Impatient
All There
He's A Slogger, So

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

We Must.....And
.....Land
Pocketful Of.....
"I'm Not A.....!"
Chasing The .....
With One Eye On.....

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 3 and in JOHN BULL dated June 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,731 (or Xword 683), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE OFFER NEXT WEEK!

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FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Seaside Holiday: C. J. Metcalf, 21 Dorset Drive, Edgware, Middlesex:

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Above seven winners also receive Seaside Holiday for Two.

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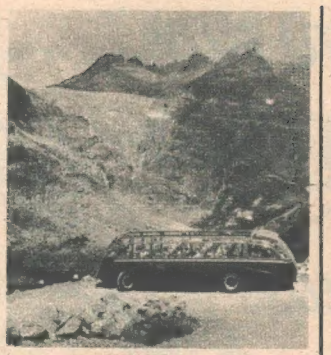

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 683**

1. These can be made too comfortable
4. For cultivation, you would naturally choose the sturdier kind of this
5. Usually there's no call to bang such a door
6. Few people appreciate the rich colouring you can get in
8. Experienced actor will manage any this he may be given
10. When boss makes a serious one at the office, it may affect more than one person
11. Capes are things that do this
13. If these are called plain, they are usually disagreeable

Down Clues

1. Splitting the atom has presented man with
2. During the war, great many people were glad if there was a rabbit to
3. Having to go out of your way to get round one is exasperating
4. Mother would sometimes be relieved if she hadn't this to wash up
7. There's very often a disappointing amount of fish in this
9. Irresponsible people are likely to forget
12. Don't lose your temper should angry one threaten you

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WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Foot. 5, Sore. 7, Fooled. 9, Likes. 11, Wait. 12, Birch. 13, Past. 14, Line. DOWN: 1, Wit. 2, Flaws. 3, Howl. 4, Need. 6, Foal. 8, Hot. 10, Share.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: W. Jacobs, 5 Bispham Drive, Moels, Wirral, Cheshire.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 29 entrants who also receive Food Parcels. "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

A MAN CALLED HORSE

Continued from page 36

mourned. "His heart is so bitter."

Yellow Robe lived through half a dozen clashes with small parties of raiders from hostile tribes. His honours were many. He captured horses in an enemy camp, led two successful raids, counted first coup and snatched a gun from the hand of an enemy tribesman. He wore wolf tails on his moccasins and ermine skins on his shirt, and he fringed his leggings with scalps in token of his glory. He also spent much time in prayer, alone in the hills or in conference with a medicine man. He fasted, and made vows and kept them. And before he could be free of the heavy honour of the bearskin belt he went on his last raid.

It *was* his last raid. He never came back, and that night, blood was spilt on the ground before the tepee to which Yellow Robe would return no more. His mother, with her hair chopped short, sat in the doorway, rocking back and forth on her haunches, wailing her heartbreak. She cradled one mutilated hand in the other. She had cut off another finger joint.

Pretty Calf had cut off chunks of her long hair and was crying as she gashed her arms with a knife. The white man tried to take the knife away, but she protested so piteously that he let her do as she wished. He was sickened with the lot of them.

Savages! he thought. Now I will go back! I'll go hunting alone, and I'll keep on going. But he did not go just yet because he was the only hunter in the lodge of the two grieving women, one of them old and the other pregnant with his child.

IN their mourning they made him a pauper again. Everything that meant comfort, wealth and safety they sacrificed to the spirits because of the death of Yellow Robe. The tepee, made of seventeen fine buffalo hides, the furs that should have kept them warm, the white deerskin dress trimmed with elk teeth that Pretty Calf loved so well, even their tools and Yellow Robe's weapons—everything but his sacred medicine objects—they left there on the prairie, and the whole camp moved away. Two of his best horses were killed as a sacrifice and the women gave away the rest.

They had no shelter. They would have no tepee of their own for two months at least of mourning, and then the women would have to tan hides to make it. Meanwhile they could live in temporary huts made of willows covered with skins given them in pity by their friends. They could have lived with relatives, but Yellow Robe's women had no relatives.

The white man had not realized until then how terrible a thing it was for a Crow to have no kinsfolk. No wonder old Greasy Hand had only stumps for fingers. She had mourned from one year to the next for everyone she had ever loved. She had no one left but her daughter, Pretty Calf.

He was too angry at them to sleep in the willow hut. He lay under a sheltering tree. And on the third night of the mourning he made his plans. He had a knife and a bow. He would go after meat, taking two horses. And he would not come back. There were, he realized, many things he was not going to tell when he got back home.

In the willow hut, Pretty Calf

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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **683** Closing Postmark, MONDAY, MAY 15

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 27.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

Again Makes Hiroshima Beautiful Returns "To" Hiroshima "Again"

cried out. He heard rustling there, and the old woman's querulous voice.

Some twenty hours later his son was born, two months early, in the tepee of a skilled medicine woman. The child was born without breath and the mother died before the sun went down.

The white man was too shocked to think whether he should mourn, or how he should mourn The old woman screamed until she was voiceless.

Then piteously she approached him, bent and trembling, blind with grief. She held out her knife and he took it.

She spread out her hands and shook her head. If she cut off any more finger joints she could do no more work. She could not afford any more lasting signs of grief.

The white man said, "All right! All right!" between his teeth. He hacked his arms with the knife and stood watching the blood run down. It was little enough to do for Pretty Calf, for little Freedom.

Now there is nothing to keep me, he said to himself. When I get home I must not let them see the scars.

He looked at Greasy Hand, hideous in her grief-burdened age, and thought: I really am free now! When a wife dies, her husband has no more duty towards her family. Pretty Calf had told him so, long ago, when he wondered why a certain man moved out of one tepee and into another.

The old woman, of course, would be a scavenger. There was one other with the tribe, an ancient crone who had no relatives, towards whom no one felt any responsibility. She lived on food thrown away by the more fortunate. She slept in shelters that she built with her own knotted hands. She plodded wearily at the end of the procession when the camp moved. When she stumbled, nobody cared. When she died, nobody would miss her.

Tomorrow morning, the white man decided, I will go.

His mother-in-law's sunken mouth quivered. She said one word, questioningly. She said, *"Eero-oshay?"* She said, "Son?"

Blinking, he remembered. When a wife died her husband was free. But her mother, who had ignored him with dignity, might, if she wished, ask him to stay. She invited him by calling him Son, and he accepted by answering Mother.

Greasy Hand stood before him, bowed with years, withered with unceasing labour, loveless and childless, scarred with grief. But with all her burdens she still loved life enough to beg it from him, the only person she had any right to ask. She was stripping herself of all she had left, her pride.

He looked eastward across the prairie.

Two thousand miles away was home. The old woman would not live for ever. He could afford to wait, for he was young. He could afford to be magnanimous, for he knew he was a man. He gave her the answer. *"Ee-gya,"* he said. "Mother."

He went home three years later. He explained no more than to say: "I lived with Crows for a while. It was some time before I could leave. They called me Horse."

He did not find it necessary either to apologize or to boast, because he was the equal of any man on earth. THE END

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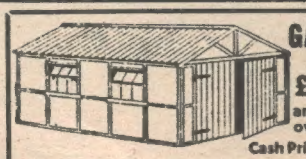

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Windows to a New World

The C.W.S Flour Mill on London's Royal Victoria Dock, specially drawn for the C.W.S by Rowland Hilder, R.I.

FOUR thousand piles, many finding bedrock 60 feet below the ground, support the massive concrete raft on which stands the C.W.S Flour Mill on the Royal Victoria Dock in London. These foundations were completed only in 1937 and building — despite wartime interruptions and seven direct hits by H.E. — continued throughout the war; production began a few weeks before V-Day. Even now this giant mill has not reached its final architectural form nor its ultimate capacity, but it is producing over 20 tons of flour every hour.

The C.W.S, which was founded in 1863, is today one of the largest flour milling organisations in Europe and is Britain's biggest business. Those early retail Societies which gave to the world the Co-operative Movement envisaged a wholesaling organisation right from the beginning and, as the North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society, the C.W.S actually came into being 19 years after the famous Toad Lane Store in Rochdale.

From wholesaling to manufacturing is but a short step; and how successfully the C.W.S has taken it can be seen in its 194 factories, which produce every type of household and domestic goods, every kind of food and equipment. The non-profit system of the Co-operative Movement—the trading surplus is shared as dividends—enables the buyer of C.W.S goods to cut her cost of living, and she may indeed be said to look out through the windows of her local Co-op to a new world . . .

The London mill of the C.W.S on the Royal Victoria Dock (one of seven C.W.S flour mills) played a vital and not generally known part in D-Day preparations, for there were built, in the profoundest secrecy, many of the giant caissons of Mulberry Harbour.

An announcement of the Co-operative Wholesale Society Ltd.

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